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THE TRIBES OF IRELAND:

A SATIRE,

BY AENGHUS O'DALY;

WITH POETICAL TRANSLATION BY THE LATE JAMES CLARENCE MANGAN;

TOGETHER WITH

AN HISTORICAL ACCOUNT OF THE FAMILY OF O'DALY; AND AN INTRODUCTION TO THE HISTORY OF SATIRE IN IRELAND.

BY

JOHN O'DONOVAN, LL.D., M.R.I.A.

DUBLIN:
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A HISTORICAL SKETCH

OF THE

FAMILY OF O'DALY.

THERE is certainly no family to which the bardic literature of Ireland is more deeply indebted than that of O'Daly. According to O'Flaherty (*Ogygia*, part III., c. 85,) they are of the race of Maine, son of Niall of the Nine Hostages, and are of the same stock as the Foxes, the Magawleys, the O'Breens and O'Quins of Teathbha or Teffia in Westmeath. In O'Dugan's Topographical Poem the O'Dalys are also set down as of Teffia in Westmeath and chiefs of Corca-Adam in that territory. Duald Mac Firbis and Peregrine O'Clery have given the descent of the O'Daly's from Fearghal (son of Maelduin of the race of Eoghan, son of Niall of the Nine Hostages), who was lord of Cinel-Eoghain in 718; but Mac Firbis observes, that he does not believe that O'Daly is of this descent, though he transcribes the Genealogy as he found it in a modern compilation; and he refers to the family elsewhere as of the race of Maine, son of Niall, and as of Corca-Adam in Teffia; and this is undoubtedly the true descent. Duald Mac Firbis who seems to have compared various MSS. containing O'Daly's pedigree, gives the line (p. 132.) from Dalach, son of Fachtna, son of Corc, son of Adan or Adhamh, a quo Corca-Adain, or Corca-Adhaimh, as follows:—

1. Adan or Adhamh, a quo Corca Adain, or Corca-Adhaimh.
2. Corc.
3. Fachtna.
4. Dalach, a quo O'Dalaigh or O'Daly.
5. Gilla-coimhdheadh.
6. Tadhg.
7. Muireadhach.

8. Dalach.

9. Cuchonnacht na Sgoile of Leckin, near Bunbrusna in Teffia, Ard-Ollamh in poetry, who died at Clonard, in 1139.

10. Tadhg Doichleach.

11. Aenghus, the common ancestor of all the O'Daly's extant.

- 12. Cearbhall Fionn, ancestor of O'Dalaigh Fionn, poet to the O'Keeffe of Duhallow, Co. Cork.
- 12. Donnchadh Mor ancestor of the O Daly's of Finnyvara and of Dunsandle, 1244.
  - 13. Aenghus.
  - 14. Donnchadh Ruadh.
  - 15. Aenghus Ruadh, d. 1350.
    - 16. Tadhg, d. 1367.
      - 17. Fearghal, chief poet of Corcomroe, fl. 1420.
    - Lochlainn d. 1367.
      - 16. Donn.
      - 17. Doighre.
      - 18. Donn.
      - 19. Maelseachlainn.
      - 20. John.
      - 21. Tadhg.
      - 22. Diarmaid.
      - 23. Aedh or Hugh O'Daly, of Finnyvara.
- 12. Muireadhach, of Lissadill fl. 1213.
- 12, Cormac-na Casbhairne.
- 12. Gilla-Isa,
- 12. Gilla-na-naemh,
  - 13. Tadhg.
  - 14. Maelisa.
  - 15. Gilla-Isa.
  - 16. Anghus.
  - 17. Cuchonnacht.
  - 18. Muircheartach, d. 1466.
  - 19. Donnchadh, and six other sons.
- 12. Tadhg.
  - 13. Cearbhall Buidhe d. 1245.
    - 14. Tadhg, chief poet of Connacht.
    - 15. Cuchonnacht.
    - 16. Aenghus.
  - 13. Cearbhall Finn, ancestor of O'Daly of Breifne.
    - 14. Cearbhall Breifneach.
    - 15. Conchobhar.
    - 16. Niall.
    - 17. Maelseachlainn.
    - 18. Cearbhall.
    - 19. Aedh.
    - 20. William.
    - 21. John O'Daly, of Breifne, d. 1490. ancestor of John O'Daly, of 9, Anglesea-street.*

* Whose relationship to the O'Dalys of Breifne stands thus:— Donnell O'Daly of the Breifne sept of this family migrated from Ballinamuck, County of Longford, about A.D. 1730; and settled at

From this Genealogical Table it is clear that Cuchonnacht O'Daly, surnamed "*na Sgoile*" (i. e. of the School), who died at Clonard in the year 1139, was the ancestor of all the O'Dalys of Ireland, who followed the Bardic Profession. In the year 1185, died on his pilgrimage at Clouard, Maelisa O'Daly, lord of Corca-Adaim and Corca-Raoidhe in Westmeath; he was "chief poet of Eire and Alba, and a man illustrious for his nobility, poetry, and hospitality." *(Four Masters).*

In the year 1213, we find that Muireadhach or Murray O'Daly, the great grandson of this Cuchonnacht na Sgoile, was seated at Lios-an-Doill, or Lissadill, in the territory of Carbury, in the north of the present County of Sligo, where

Ballyhack, County of Wexford, where he got married and had issue, viz.—

Maurice, who remained at Ballyhack, and Donnell (whom we cannot further trace), settled at Hacketstown, Old Parish, County of Waterford, about 1760.

Maurice had issue, four sons; viz. James, John, William, and Edmund.

James settled at Knockroe, parish of Kilgobnet, County of Waterford, in the year 1796, and married Mary Veale, by whom he had issue, three sons and six daughters.

John settled at Durrow, parish of Modeligo, County of Waterford, in 1797; and married Mary Keon, by whom he had issue, four sons and three daughters.

William died unmarried.

Edmund (the father of John O'Daly,) settled at Farnane, parish of Modeligo, County of Waterford, in the year 1798; and in 1799, married Bridget Kyley of Kilbryan, same County; by whom he had issue:—

I. John (of 9, Anglesea-st), born in 1800. II, Maurice, born in 1803. III. Mary, born 1806. IV. James, born in 1808. V. Bridget, born in 1810, VI. Ellen, born in 1819.

John married (1st) in 1827, Ellen Shea of Dungourney, County of Cork, (who died in 1849) by whom he had issue:—

I. Mary, Born in 1828. Died in 1834.
II. Edmund, Born in 1830. Died in 1836.
III. John, Born (December), 1831. Living.
IV. Denis, Born in 1833. Died in 1838.
V. Mary, Born in 1835. Died in 1838
VI. William, Born in 1836. Died.
VII. Edmund, Born in 1837. Living.
VIII. Ellen, Born in 1839. Living.
IX. Laurence, Born in 1842. Living.
X. Kate, Born in 1844. Living.

Married (2nd) in 1850, Mary Murphy, alias Griffith, by whom he has issue:—

Elizabeth, Born in 1851, Living.

he resided in the capacity of poet to the chief of that district. The Four Masters have preserved the following anecdote of him, in which the great power of their favourite chieftain, O'Donnell, is conspicuously set forth.

"A.D, 1213, Fionn O'Brollaghan, steward to O'Donnell (Donnell Mor), went to Connacht to collect O'Donnell's rent. He first repaired to Carbury of Drumcliff, where with his attendants he visited the house of the poet Muireadhach O'Daly of Lios-an-Doill, and being a churle servant of a hero, he began to abuse the poet very much (although his lord had given him no instructions to do so). The poet becoming enraged at his conduct, seized a sharp axe, and dealt him a blow which killed him on the spot; and then to avoid O'Donnell, he fled into Clanrickard. When O'Donnell received intelligence of this, he collected all his forces, and pursued him to Doire-Ui-Dhomhnaill (Derrydonnell) in Clanrickard,—a place which was named from him, because he encamped there for a night; and he proceeded to burn and plunder the country, until at last the son of William submitted to him, having previously sent Muireadhach to seek for protection in Thomond. O'Donnell pursued him, and proceeded to plunder and ravage that country also, until Donough Cairbreach O'Brien sent Muireadhach away to the people of Limerick. O'Donnell followed him to the gate of Limerick, and pitching his camp at Moin-Ui-Dhomhnaill (which was named from him), laid siege to the town; and the inhabitants at O'Donnell's command expelled Muireadhach, who found no asylum any where, but was sent from hand to hand until he arrived in Dublin.

" O'Donnell then returned home, having first traversed and completed the visitation of all Connacht. He mustered his forces again without much delay in the same year, and marching to Dublin compelled the people of Dublin to expel Muireadhach, who fled into Alba (Scotland); and here he remained until he composed three poems in praise of O'Donnell, imploring peace and forgiveness. The third of these poems is the one beginning, 'Oh! Donnell, kind hand of peace, &c.' He obtained peace for his panegyrics, and O'Donnell afterwards received him into his friendship and gave him lands and possessions as was pleasing to him."

Thus far the Historians of Tirconnell. We have never seen any of the poems addressed by O'Daly to O'Donnell on this occasion; but we have a copy of a poem addressed by him when he fled into Clanrickard, to Richard De Burgo, the son

of William Fitz-Adelm, stating the cause of his flight, and imploring that great lord's protection. It begins "créad agaiḃ aoiḋiġ a ġ-céin?" i. e. "what brings a guest to you from afar?" In this poem (of which there is a good copy in a paper MS. in the Library of the Royal Irish Academy), Muireadhach calls himself O'Daly of Meath (O'Ḋálaiġ Ṁiḋe), and states that he was wont to frequent the Courts of the English, and to drink wine from the hands of kings and knights, of bishops and abbots; that, not wishing to remain to be trampled under the feet of the Race of Conn, he fled to one, who, with his mail-clad warriors, was able to protect him against the fury of the King of Derry and Assaroe, who had threatened him with his vengeance, though indeed the cause of his enmity was but trifling, for that he (the fugitive) had only killed a plebeian of his people who had the audacity to affront him.

> beag an b-fala ris an b-fear,
> baċlaċ do ḃeiṫ dom ċaineaḋ;
> Mé do ṁarbaḋ an ṁogaḋ,
> A Ḋé! an aḋbar an-folaḋ?
>
> **Trifling is our difference with the man,**
> **A shepherd was affronting me;**
> **And I killed that clown;**
> **O God! is this a cause for enmity?**

He calls upon the puissant Knight, Richard, the son of William, to respect the order of the poets, who are never treated with harshness by chieftains, and to protect the weak against the strong. He next bestows some verses of panegyric upon him, describes the splendour of his house and its inmates, calls him the Chief of the English, the Lord of Leinster, the King of Connacht, the Proprietor of the Forts of Cruachain, of Tara, of Mac Coise's Wall of Stone, and of Mur-mic-an-Duinn then called Caislean-Ui-Chonaing,—and suggests that he might hereafter invite the poets of the five provinces to his house. He then tells Richard the son of William, that whatever deeds of valour any one may have achieved, he cannot be truly renowned without protecting the venerable, or the feeble; and that he now has an opportunity of making himself illustrious by protecting O'Daly of Meath, a poet whose verses demand attention, and who throws himself on his generosity. He concludes by reminding him of his duties as king of the famous province of Connacht. See *Annals of the Four Masters*, Ed. J. O'D., A.D. 1213, pp. 179, 181, note*

In 1232, died Gilla-na-naeve O'Daly, a learned poet who had kept a house of hospitality for the poor and rich. *Four Masters.*

Under the year 1244, the Annals of the Four Masters record the death of "Donough Mor O'Daly,[1] the brother of this Muircadhach of Lissadill, a poet who never was and never will be surpassed; he was interred in the Abbey of Boyle." In the Annals of Clonmacnoise he is called chief of Ireland for poetry. According to tradition and some written pedigrees, he was the head of the O'Dalys of Finnyvara in the north of Burrin in the County of Clare, where they still point out the site of his house or college, and his honorary monument. A tree in the cemetery of the Abbey of Boyle is still pointed out as marking his grave. He is the ancestor of Lord Dunsandle, whose more immediate ancestor removed from Finnyvara to Hy-Many with Raghnailt Ny Brien the wife of Tadhg Ruadh O'Kelly of Callow, in the latter part of the fifteenth century. See *Tribes and Customs of Hy-Many*, p. 125.

In 1245, died Carroll [Buidhe, Yellow] Boy, son of Teige, son of Aenghus Fionnabhrach O'Daly. *(Four Masters)*.

A.D. 1268, died Aenghus O'Daly, a man eminent for poetry, and a keeper of a house of hospitality.

A.D. 1274, died Teige, son of Carroll [Buidhe] Boy O'Daly, chief poet of Hugh O'Conor, King of Connacht.

A.D. 1311, died Gilla-Iosa O'Daly, an Ollamh in poetry.

A.D. 1323, we find one of the family in Ulster, for in that year Loghlin, the son of Owen O'Daly, was slain by the sons of Hugh [Buidhe] Boy O'Neill.

A.D. 1337, Lughaidh (Louis) O'Daly, Bishop of Clonmacnoise died after a well-spent life.

A.D. 1350, died Aenghus Roe O'Daly, the most learned of the poets of Ireland.

A.D. 1367, Teige and Loughlin, two sons of Aenghus Roe O'Daly, died.

A.D. 1377, Hugh Mac Namara, chief of Clann-Choilen, was slain by the son of O'Daly's daughter.

A.D. 1378, Teige the son of Loughlin Mac Namara, was slain by the son of O'Daly's daughter.

[1] O'Reilly says, that he was called the Ovid of Ireland, but we have not learned by whom, although such indeed he may be regarded; but it must be acknowledged that he has been since excelled by many of his countrymen. His poems are principally of a religious or moral character, and possess considerable merit, considering the age to which they belong, but not so much as to entitle him to the unqualified praise bestowed upon his powers by the Four Masters. See O'Reilly's *Descriptive Catalogue of Irish Writers*, pp. 88—92, for a list of his poems.

A.D. 1387, died Goffrey Finn O'Daly, chief poet of Ireland.

A.D. 1394, Teige O'Haughian, a learned poet, was slain by the sons of Cuchonnacht O'Daly [in a squabble], about the Ollamh-ship of O'Neill.

A.D. 1404, Carroll O'Daly, Ollamh of Corcomroe, and Donnell, the son of Donough O'Daly, who was called *Bolg-an-Dana* (the Budget of Poetry), died.

A.D. 1408, O'Haughian was slain by the O'Dalys, at Machaire Maenmhaighe [near Loughrea in the County of Galway].

A.D. 1415, Sir John Talbot, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, plundered the lands of several poets, which were considered inviolable by the Irish. He plundered O'Daly of Meath (Dermot), and Maurice O'Daly, and in the ensuing summer he plundered O'Daly of Corcomroe (Farrell, son of Teige, son of Aenghus Roe).

A.D. 1420, died Farrell O'Daly, Ollamh of Corcomroe, in poetry.

A.D. 1438, O'Daly of Breifny, chief poet to O'Reilly, died.

A.D. 1448, Dermot, son of Owen, son of Mahon O'Daly, Ollamh of all Meath, a learned poet, died and was interred at Durrow-Columbkille, in the King's County.

A.D. 1459, Murtough O'Daly, a learned poet, died.

A.D. 1466, Murtough, son of Cuchonnacht O'Daly, died.

A.D. 1474, O'Daly of Meath (Carbry), died.

A.D. 1490, O'Daly of Breifny (John, son of William, son of Hugh), a learned poet, died.

A.D. 1493, Conor, son of O'Daly of Breifny, died.

A.D. 1496, Owen Oge, son of Owen, son of Hugh O'Daly, died.

A.D. 1507, O'Daly Finn (Godfrey, son of Donough), and O'Daly of Carbery (Aenghus, son of Aenghus Caech), died.

A.D. 1514, O'Daly of Corcomroe (Teige, son of Donough, son of Teige, son of Carroll), a professor of poetry, who had kept a house of general hospitality, died at Finnyvara, and was buried in the Abbey of Corcomroe.

A.D. 1589, Donnell O'Daly, a gentleman who had the command of a party of soldiers in the Queen's service under Sir Richard Bingham, was taken and beheaded by the Burkes of the County of Mayo, who were then in rebellion. *Annals of the Four Masters*, p. 1881.

Of the various branches of this poetical family[1] only one seems to have risen to rank and political importance in Ireland, namely, the descendants of Donough Mor O'Daly, who removed to Hy-Many in the latter part of the fifteenth century. Before the Revolution the head of this branch, Denis Daly of Carrownekelly, in the County of Galway, Esq., was second Justice of the Court of Common Pleas, and a Privy Councillor in the reign of King James II. "He continued to fill this station at the Revolution," says Lodge, "with such impartiality and integrity (in those arduous times), as added lustre to his judicial character."

The representative of this gentleman at the latter end of the last century, was the Right Honorable Denis Daly, for many years member for the County of Galway, in the Irish Parliament, distinguished for his eloquence and ability; and characterised by Grattan as "one of the best and brightest characters Ireland ever produced." His eldest son James, after having also represented that County many years in Parliament, was, by the Title of Baron of Dunsandle and Clan Conal, County of Galway, raised to the Peerage of Ireland, June 6th, 1845.

From the Genealogical Table given at p. 4, it is clear that Cuchonnacht na Sgoile O'Daly, who died at Clonard, in 1139, was the first man of the O'Dalys who was celebrated for his learning. From his period forward poetry became a profession in the family, and the Corca-Adaim sent forth poetical professors to various parts of Ireland. About the middle of the twelfth century Raghnall O'Daly settled in Desmond, and became chief professor of poetry to Mac Carthy, king of Desmond. From him, no doubt, the O'Dalys of Muintir-Bhaire, in the south-west of the County of Cork, are descended; but their pedigree has not been preserved by the O'Clery's or Mac Firbises, and it is to be feared that it is irrecoverably lost. Dr. O'Brien, indeed, asserts in his Irish Dictionary (VOCE DALA), that the O'Dalys of Munster are descended from the third son of Aenghus, king of Cashel, who was baptized by St. Patrick;

[1] O'Reilly mentions twenty-eight poets of this family, and gives the first lines of upwards of one hundred poems written by them; and we have in our own collection almost as many more which escaped his notice; but they are chiefly religious, being the compositions of Donough Mor O'Daly, who died in 1244, and of Aenghus O'Daly surnamed "*na Diadhachta*" (the Pious or Divine), who flourished about the year 1570. See O'Reilly's *Irish Writers*, p. cxxxix.

but this is one of the very many unaccountable errors with which that work abounds. The same error has been interpolated into several modern copies of Keating's History of Ireland.

Of the O'Dalys of Muintir-Bhaire, of whom was Aenghus the *Bard Ruadh*, some notices occur in the *Pacata Hibernia*, Book III., and in the MS. entitled *Carbriæ Notitia*, which formed No. 591, of the sale catalogue of the late Lord Kingsborough's library,[1] which are here given, that the reader may have before him all the information respecting the sept of the O'Dalys at present accessible:—

"1602. Fourth [of May], *Odalie* was convented before the Lord President and Councell, and in regard it was proved that hee came from the Rebells, with messages and offers to *Owen O Sulevan* to adhere and combine with the Enemy, which the said *Owen* did first reveal to Captaine *Flower*, Sergeant Major of the Army, and after publikely justified it to *Odalie's* face; the said *O Daly* was committed to attend his tryal at the next sessions.

"This *Odalie's* Ancestor had the country of Moyntirbary given unto him by the Lord President's Ancestor, many hundred yeares past, at which time *Carew* had to his inheritance, the moity of the whole kingdome of Corke, which was first given by King *Henry* the second unto *Robert Fitz Stephen*; the service which *Odaly* and his progenie were to doe, for so large a proportion of Lands unto *Carew* and his successors was (according to the custom of that time) to bee their Rimers, or Chroniclers of their actions."

This account of Carew is, however, not very accurate; for the family never had possession of this territory until the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and then only for a very short time. In the reign of Edward III. Thomas de Carew set up a claim, as heir to Fitz-Stephen, to all his ancient estates in Cork; but by an Inquisition taken at Cork, before Sir Anthony Lucey, Lord Justice of Ireland, on the 31st. of August, in the fifth year of the reign of Edward III., it was found that "Robert Fitz-Stephen died seized of the moiety of the estate granted by Henry II. to him and Milo de Cogan, and that the said Fitz-Stephen was a Bastard, and died without issue of his body; that the claim of Thomas de Carew, asserting that he and his ancestors were heirs to Fitz-Stephen, could not be

[1] Sold by O. Sharpe, at his literary sale-rooms, Anglesea-st, Dublin, Nov. 1842.

true, because the said Fitz-Stephen was a Bastard, and died without issue of his body."

Notwithstanding this Inquisition the claim was again set up in 1568, by Sir Peter Carew, whose brother Sir George, was afterwards President of Munster; but Sir Peter died in 1575, and his heir Peter junior, was slain by the O'Byrnes at Glenmalure in 1580; and the prosecution of the suit ended in nothing. (*Four Masters*, A. D. 1580). From this it is very clear that the O'Dalys of Muintir-Bhaire had little or no connection with the Carews either in the reigns of Edward III. or of Elizabeth. The Author of *Carbriæ Notitia*, evidently seeing through the fallacy of this statement in the *Pacata Hibernia*, thus modifies it in his account of the south-west of the County of Cork.

"And soe [crossing Dunmanus Bay] you come to Mynter-vary, which lyes between Dunmanus Bay and Bearhaven, in which there is nothing worth observation except Coolnalong, a pretty seat belonging formerly to Mucklagh, a sept of the Cartys. This country was, according to Irish custome, given to O'Daly, who was successively Bard to O'Mahony and Carew; and to O'Glavin, who was his Termoner or receiver." Dr. Smith also describes Minterbarry, and calls it "a most barbarous country, lying between Dunmanus Bay and Bantry Bay,"*(History of Cork,* Book II, c. 4.*)*, but says nothing of the O'Dalys in connection with it!!

The head of this family had his residence at Druim-Naoi, or Drumnea, in the parish of Kilcrohane, where a portion of his house, commonly called "The Old College House," still remains, and forms the residence of a farmer, Mr. George Nicolas. The walls are well built, and cemented with lime and mortar, and from fragments of ruins still to be seen close to what remains, it may be inferred that it was once a house of some importance. According to tradition, two sons of a king of Spain, who were at school here under the tuition of O'Daly, died and were buried in Drumnea.

The head of this family, Aenghus, son of Aenghus Caech O'Daly Cairbreach, died in the year 1507[1]. The last professional poet of this house was Conchobhar Cam O'Dalaigh Cair-

[1]A branch of this family of the O'Dalys, removed to the County of Kerry, a member of whom was the celebrated Daniel or Dominick O'Daly, who wrote the History of the Geraldines. He was born in the year 1595, and died at Lisbon in the year 1662.

breach, who wrote an elegy of forty *ranns* or quatrains, on the death of Donnell O'Donovan, chief of Clann-Cathail, who died in 1660, beginning:—

"Cread do ruġ ar ṁarcraiḃ Ṁuiṁneaċ?"
"What has overtaken the Momonian Youths?"

He also addressed a poem of thirteen *ranns* or quatrains, to his pupil Donough, the son of Donnell O'Donovan, and brother of said Donnell, who died in 1660, beginning:—

"Saeċ leam-sa luiḋe Ḋonnċaiḋ."
"Sorrowful to me is the lying [sickness] of Donnchadh."

This Donough, who was the foster-son of O'Daly Cairbreach, is the ancestor of Mr. James O'Donovan of Myross, in the County of Cork.

Conchobhar Cam O'Daly also addressed a short poem[1] of nine quatrains, to Joan, daughter of Sir Owen Mac Carthy Reagh, and wife of O'Donovan (Donnell, son of Donnell, son of Teige), beginning:—

"A Ṡiobán, daingniġ ar n-dáil."
"O! Joan, confirm our treaty."

The last descendant of O'Daly of Drumnea, who was recognized in the country as the head of the sept, and who claimed the O'Daly tomb at Kilcrohane, was Mr. James Daly of Bantry. He removed from Bantry to Cork, where he became a distiller, and kept a respectable establishment in John-street. He died some three or four years since, leaving a son, Mr. James O'Daly, who is still living at Cork.

That Aenghus O'Daly the *Bard Ruadh*, was of this family, but not the chief of it, little doubt can be entertained; and O'Reilly believes that he was the Angus O'Daly of Balliorrone, who according to an Inquisition taken at the Old Castle in Cork, on the 18th. of September, 1624, died on the 16th. of December, 1617, leaving a son Angus Oge O'Daly.

The Ballyorrone mentioned in this Inquisition is now called Ballyrune. It originally comprised the present Ballyrune, as well as Cora, Laherdoty, and Ballyieragh. Laherdoty was formerly called Mid-Ballyrune, and Ballyieragh (Baile iarṫarach, i. e., west town), West-Ballyrune. The site and small portions

[1] Copies of these poems are preserved in paper MS. about one hundred and sixty years old, which was in the possession of Mr. Peter Lavalli, late Peruquier of the Four Courts, Dublin; and now living in Paris.

of the walls of Aenghus O'Daly's, or the *Bard Ruadh's* house, are still pointed out in that subdivision of Ballyrune called Cora. The walls are built of freestone and cemented with lime and hair mortar. There is a rock near the Tower at Sheep's Head, called Bró Aenguis, (i e., Angus's Quern), which is locally believed to have received its name from Aenghus *na n-Aer* O'Daly. Several of the Dalys, or O'Dalys of Muintir-Bhaire, claimed descent from him, namely, Daniel Daly of Ahakista, deceased, and several others, but the widow Connell *alias* Mary Daly, now in the Bantry work-house, is believed to be the nearest akin to him now living. Her friends have emigrated to America. Several verses attributed to the *Bard Ruadh* of Ballyrune, and having reference to his coshering propensities, in his old age, when he was poor, are still *locally* recited, which corroborate O'Reilly's opinion, that he was the Angus O'Daly mentioned in the Inquisition above referred to; but never, at any period of his life, was he poet to O'Keeffe, as O'Reilly thinks.

The family of O'Daly was always considered as forming about the one-twelfth part of the population of Muintir-Bhaire, now included in the parish of Kilcrohane.

From a census of the population taken by the Rev. John Kelcher, P. P., in October, 1834, it appears that the total population of the parish was then 4448 souls, of which the O'Dalys were 345, including 182 males, and 163 females, i. e., about one-twelfth of the entire population.

In December, 1849, a census of the parish was also taken by the Rev. Jeremiah Cummins, R. C. C., from which it appears that the population had decreased to 2820 souls, of which the O'Dalys constituted 217, (125 males, and 92 females), i. e., one-thirteenth of the entire population. Both censuses prove that the O'Dalys have kept up their old proportion to the population, although they are as liable to disappear by starvation and emigration as the other families of Muintir-Bhaire.

The O'Dalys (who appear to have forfeited the last remnant of their property in Muintir-Bhaire, at the Revolution), are now reduced to the condition of cottiers or struggling farmers, in this wild district. The principal proprietors at present are, Richard O'Donovan, Esq., J. P., Fort Lodge, Bantry; Dr. Daniel O'Donovan of Skibbereen, J. P.; Timothy O'Donovan, Esq., J. P., O'Donovan's Cove; and Timothy O'Donovan, Esq., of Ardahill.

The ancestor of the three first-mentioned proprietors, took

this large tract of land for 999 years, from a Mr. Congreve of Mount Congreve, in the County of Waterford, an undertaker; to whose descendant they still pay some small head rent. Timothy O'Donovan, Esq., of Ardahill (who descends from Kedagh Mor, the youngest son of O'Donovan, by the daughter of Sir Owen Mac-Carthy Reagh), was himself the purchaser of Ardahill, Carravilleen, Derry-clovane and Faunmore.

INTRODUCTION TO THE POEM.

A satire is a poem in which wickedness and folly are censured, with a view to check them. Satire is general. A lampoon or pasquinade is personal, and always intended, not to reform, but to insult and vex: the former is commendable; the latter scurrilous;—*fœda et insulsa scurrilitas.* The term, Pasquinade, is said to have been derived from an old cobbler of the city of Rome, called Pasquin, who had his stall at the corner of the palace of Ursina, and who was famous for his sneers and jibes on the passers-by. After his death, as the pavement was dug up before his shop, there was found in the earth the statue of an ancient gladiator, well cut, but mutilated. This was set up in the place where it was found, and by common consent named Pasquin. Since that time all satires are attributed to that figure, and are either put in its mouth, or pasted upon it; and these are addressed by Pasquin to Marforio, another statue at Rome.

An *aeir* (satire) among the Irish, was of two kinds, the first was a satire or lampoon, merely intended to censure and annoy, but the second was of a more virulent nature, for the subject of it was not only censured and insulted, but also imprecated and cursed. The first satire composed in Ireland is said to have been by Crithinbeal the satirist, for Breas, son of Ealathan, king of the Tuatha De Danann, but a Fomorian by descent, whose period O'Flaherty fixes to A. M. 2764; but of this satire we have no portion remaining. The next was composed by Neidhe, son of Adhna, for his paternal uncle Caier, or Caicher, King of Connacht, A. M. 3950. This satire called ᵹlam ḋicenn, is referred to in Cormac's Glossary, under the word *Gaire* (shortness of life), and from the lines quoted it would appear to be more an *easgaine*

or imprecation, than a satire or lampoon. King Caier, son of Guthar, having no son of his own, adopted his nephew the poet Neidhe, son of Adhna, son of Guthar. The wife of Caier conceived a criminal passion for Neidhe, and offered him a ball of silver for his affection. But Neidhe continued to reject her advances until she offered him the kingdom of Connacht. "How can that come to pass?" said Neidhe. "It will not be difficult," said the Queen: "you are a poet; you can rhyme him to death, or afflict him with a blemish on his cheek; compose an *aeir* for him, that he may have a blemish, and a man with a blemish cannot enjoy the kingdom." "It will be difficult for me to do this," said Neidhe, "for he would not refuse me anything he has in his possession; he has not anything in the world that he would not give me." "I know," said the Queen, "a thing that he would not give you, i. e., the *scian* (knife) that was presented to him in the land of Alba; that he would not give you: for he is bound by solemn injunction not to give it away." After this Neidhe asked Caier for the knife. "Alas!" said Caier, "I am bound by a solemn injunction not to give it away." This was violating the féile ríg (the bounty of a king), and Neidhe composed a *Glam Dichend* for him, which caused three blotches to appear on his cheek!

Caier went forth early in the morning to the well; he drew his hand across his cheek, and felt the three boils on his face, which had been caused by the *aeir*, and saw (in the fountain) that one was *green*, the other *red*, and the third *white*. Caier immediately fled that none might see his blemish, and he delayed not until he reached Dun-Cearmna (the old head of Kinsale), where he remained in disguise in the palace of Cather, son of Edersgel. Neidhe then became king of Connacht, and remained in the enjoyment of that dignity for one year. He was sorry for the injury inflicted on Caier, and hearing where he was, set out for Dun-Cearmna in Caier's own chariot, and attended by Caier's *faithless* Queen and his favourite hound!

Neidhe approached the *Dun* with great pomp, and all enquired who he was? Caier, who at once recognised his countenance, cried out, "he sits in my seat." "This is the word of a king," said Cather, the son of Edersgel, "and I knew not that you were a king till now." "Save my life," replied Caier. Caier fled through the house and hid behind a rock at the back of the *Dun*. Neidhe went into the palace in his chariot, and the hound went on the scent of Caier and found him under the rock which is behind the *Dun*, where he died of shame on seeing Neidhe. The

rock ignited at the death of Caier, and a splinter[1] of it flew at the eye of Neidhe and broke it in his head, and thus the vengeance of heaven fell upon him for his ungenerous conduct towards his uncle, who had loved him, and adopted him as his son.

About the same period with Neidhe of Connacht, we find Athairne of Binn-Edair (now Howth), satirizing the men of Leinster for having killed his only son. "He continued for a full year to satirize the Leinstermen, and bring fatalities upon them; so that neither corn, grass, nor foliage grew for them that year.—*Book of Ballymote*, fol. 77, p. 2. col. b. See also *Statute of Kilkenny*, edited by Hardiman, pp. 55, 56, 57.

At this time, and for some centuries afterwards, the bards were exceedingly insolent, but they were reformed by the laws passed at the synod of Drom-Ceat, where St. Columbkille attended, in the reign of Aedh Mac Ainmirech.[2]

In 1414, as we are informed by the Four Masters, Niall O'Higgin, a famous poet of Westmeath, composed a satire for Sir John Stanley, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, which caused his death; and it was remarked that this was the second *poetical miracle* performed by the same Niall.

[1] A somewhat similar story is told of *Cloch Labhruis*, a remarkable rock near Bunmahon, in the County of Waterford. This rock, as tradition records, could once speak good Irish, and was remarkable for determining causes, and settling disputes, until at length its heart was broken by the equivocation of a wicked woman, and it split asunder, exclaiming, "bioñ an ḟirinne féin searb," i.e. "the truth itself is often bitter."

[2] Notwithstanding the reformation of the Bardic order, caused by the wisdom, ability, and exertions of St. Columbkille, we find various instances of their insolence and bitterness on record. There is a story in the Leabhar Breac (Speckled Book) of the Mac Egans, fol. 35, b, which states that a lampoon was composed for the Kinel-Fiacha (Mageoghegans) of Westmeath, by certain satirists, in which it was asserted that they were not descended from Fiacha, the son of the great Niall Naoighiallach, but from a plebeian Fiacha, the son of Aedh, son of Maelebressi.

"O Kinel-Fiacha! behold your genealogy!
Fiacha, son of Aedh, son of Maelebressi."

It is added that this lampoon enraged the tribe to such a degree, that, at a place called Rosscorr they murdered the satirists, although they were under the protection St. O'Suanaigh of Raithin (Rahin in the King's County), and that for this *sarughadh*, or violation of the Saint's protection, the Kinel-Fiacha forfeited two townlands to O'Suanaigh, which formed a part of the possessions of the church of Raithin, when the story was written. See the *Miscellany* of the Irish Archæological Society, vol. I. pp. 179. 180.

The fame of the Irish bards in this respect reached even England. Reginald Scott *(Descoverie of Witchcraft, Book* III, *c.* xv. *p.* 35.) states, "the Irishmen will not sticke to affirme that they can *rime* either man or beast to death." And in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, the bards became so obnoxious to the government by their rhymes to foment rebellion, that severe laws were passed in parliament against them, and those who entertained them. It appears from the *Public Records*, that in 1563, articles in the following words were, among others, assented to by the Earl of Desmond, to be observed to the state.

Item, "for as much as no smale enormyties doo growe within those shires [the Counties of Cork, Limerick and Kerry] by the continuall recourse of certain *Idle men* of lewde demeanor, called *Rhymors*, Bards, and dyce players, and Carroghs, who under pretence of their travaill doo bring privy intellygence betwene the malefactors inhabytinge in these severall shires, to the greate distruction of true subjects, that ordres be taken with the said Lordes and Gentlemen [his followers] that none of those sects nor outhere like evil persons be suffride to travaill within there Rules, as the statuts of Irelande doo appoint, and that proclamation be made accordinglie, and that whosoever after the proclamation shall maynteine or suffre any suche Idlemen wythin there several terrytories, that he or they shall paye suche fines as to the discretion of the said Commissioners or Presidents [of Munster] for the time being shall be thoughte goode. Item, for that those *Rymors* doo by their ditties and Rhymes made to dyvers Lords and Gentlemen in Irelande in the commendation and heighe praise of extorsion, rebellyon, rape, raven, and outhere injustice, encourage those Lordes and Gentlemen rather to followe those vices then to leve them, and for making of such rhymes rewards are gyven by the said Lordes and Gentlemen, that for abolishinge of soo heynouse an abuse ordres be taken with the saide Earle, Lordes, and Gentlemen, that none of them from hencefourthe doo give any manner of rewarde for any suche lewde rhymes, and he that shall offende the ordres to paye for a fine to the Quene's Majestie double the value of that he shall so paye, and that the Rymer that shall make any suche Rhymes or ditties shall make fyne according to the discretiance of the said Commissioners, and that proclamation be made accordinglie."—*Harris's Ware.* vol ii. p. 127.

The poet Spenser recommends the checking of these warlike

bards who fired the minds of the young with rebellion. His words are worthy of a place here, as a corroboration of the proverb, that "two of a trade can never agree."

Iren. "There is amongst the Irish a certaine kind of people, called Bardes, which are to them insteed of Poets, whose profession is to set foorth the praises or dispraises of men in their poems or rymes, the which are had in so high regard and estimation amongst them, that none dare displease them for feare to runne into reproach thorough their offence, and to be made infamous in the mouthes of all men. For their verses are taken up with a generall applause, and usually sung at all feasts and meetings, by certaine other persons, whose proper function that is, who also receive for the same great rewards and reputation amongst them."

Eudox. "Doe you blame this in them which I would otherwise have thought to have beene worthy of good accompt, and rather to have beene maintained and augmented amongst them, then to have been disliked? for I have reade that in all ages poets have beene had in speciall reputation, and that (me thinkes) not without great cause; for besides their sweete inventions, and most wittie layes, they have alwayes used to set foorth the praises of the good and vertuous, and to beat downe and disgrace the bad and vitious. So that many brave young mindes have oftentimes thorough hearing the praises and famous eulogies of worthie men sung and reported unto them, beene stirred up to affect the like commendations, and so to strive to the like deserts. So they say that the Lacedemonians were more excited to desire of honour, with the excellent verses of the poet Tirtœus, then with all the exhortations of their captaines, or authority of their Rulers and Magistrates."

Iren. "It is most true, that such Poets as in their writings do labour to better the manners of men, and thorough the sweete baite of their numbers to steale into the young spirits a desire of honour and vertue, are worthy to bee had in greate respect. But these Irish Bardes are for the most part of another mind, and so farre from instructing young men in morall discipline, that they themselves doe more deserve to be sharpely disciplined; for they seldome use to choose unto themselves, the doings of good men for the arguments of their poems, but whomsoever they finde to be most licentious of life, most bolde and lawlesse in his doings, most dangerous and desperate in all parts of disobedience and rebellious disposition, him they set up and glorifie in their rithmes, him they praise to the people, and to yong men make an example to follow."

Eudox. "I marvaile what kinde of speeches they can finde, or what face they can put on, to praise such bad persons as live so lawleslie and licentiouslie upon stealthes and spoyles, as most of them doe, or how can they thinke that any good mind will applaude, or approve the same."

Iren. "There is none so bad, Eudoxus, but shall finde some to favour his doings; but such licentious partes as these tending for the most part to the hurt of the English, or maintainance of of their owne lewde libertie, they themselves being most desirous therof, doe most allow. Besides this, evill things being decked and attired with gay attire of goodly wordes, may easily deceive and carry away the affection of a young mind, that is not well stayed, but desirous by some bolde adventures to make proofe of himselfe; for being (as they all be brought up idely) without awe of parents, without precepts of masters, and without feare of offence, not being directed, nor imployed in any course of life, which may carry them to vertue, will easily be drawne to follow such as any shall set before them; for a yong minde cannot rest; if he be not still busied in some goodnesse he will finde himselfe such businesse as shall soone busie all about him. In which if he shall finde any to praise him, and to give him encouragement, as those Bardes and Rhythmers doe for little reward, or a share of a stolne cow, then waxeth he most insolent, and halfe madde with the love of himselfe, and his owne lewd deeds. And as for words to set forth such lewdness, it is not hard for them to give a goodely and painted shewe thereunto borrowed even from the praises which are proper to vertue it selfe. As of a most notorious thiefe and wicked outlaw which had lived all his life-time of spoyles and robberies, one of their Bardes in his praise will say, That he was none of the idle milke sops that was brought up by the fire side, but that most of his dayes he spent in armes and valiant enterprises, that he did never eat his meat, before he had won it with his sword, that he lay not all night slugging in a cabbin under his mantle, but used commonly to keepe others waking to defend their lives, and did light his candle[1] at the flames of their houses, to lead him in the darknesse; that the day was his night, and the night his day; that he loved not to be long wooing of wenches to yeeld to him, but where he came he tooke by force the spoyle of other men's love, and

[1] Thady Dowling, says of Rory O'More (A.D. 1577), that the "Irish rimers extol him like him that burnt Diana's Temple." *Annales*, p. 42.

left but lamentation to their lovers; that his musick was not the harpe, nor layes of love, but the cryes of people and clashing of armor; and finally, that he died not bewayled of many, but made many waile when he died, that dearly bought his death. Doe you not thinke (Eudoxus) that many of these praises might be applyed to men of best deserts? yet are they all yeelded to a most notable traytor, and amongst some of the Irish not smally accounted of. For the song when it was first made and to a person of high degree there, was bought (as their manner is) for fourty crownes."

Eudox. "And well worthy sure. But tell me (I pray you) have they any art in their compositions? or bee they any thing wittie or well savoured, as poems should be?"

Iren. "Yea truely, I have caused divers of them to be translated unto me, that I might understand them, *and surely they savoured* of sweet wit and good invention, but skilled not of the goodly ornaments of poetry; yet were they sprinkled with some pretty flowers of their naturall device, which gave good grace and comeliness unto them, the which it is great pitty to see abused, to the gracing of wickedness and vice, which with good usage, would serve to adorne and beautifie vertue. This evil custome therefore needeth reformation."—*View of the State of Ireland,* Dublin Ed., 1810, p. 119 to 124.

In 1572, the Earl of Thomond (Conor son of Donough O'Brien), enforced the law against the Bards, and hanged three distinguished poets, "for which abominable and treacherous act the Earl was satirized and denounced." See *Annals of the Four Masters,* A. D. 1572, p. 1657.

About this period there was a poem addressed to O'Brien, by his ex-chief poet MacDaire; in which he admonishes the innovator not to dare lay violent hands on any of the venerable order of the Bards; tells him that he (Mac Daire) has a deadly weapon—a venemous satire—to cast, which would cause shortness of life, and against which neither the solitudes of valleys, the density of woods, nor the strength of castles would protect his enemies. He then adduces examples from Irish history of the destruction caused by the *aeirs,* or satires of ancient poets; as the satire composed by Crithinbheal, or Cairbre Mac Edaine, the satirist, for the comely, magnificent, and poud king, Breas Mac Ealathain;[1] the one composed by

[1] A copy of this satire, the first ever composed in Ireland, is preserved in the Library of Trinity College, Dublin, H. 3, 17, p. 840. It begins, "Cen colt ar crib cernene.'

Neidhe, for Caicher, king of Connacht, which at first, by supernatural means, disfigured his face, and finally caused his death; and the one composed by Dallan Forgaill, which wounded and withered king Aedh Mac Ainmirech. The Bard then warns O'Brien not to force him to fling this ominous weapon at him, a weapon which, from its miraculous nature, would extinguish all his good deeds, raise a disgraceful blotch on his cheek,—check his prosperity, and shorten his life. This warning, however, seems to have made no impression on the Earl, for he continued the friend of the English cause in Ireland, and the enemy of the Bards and their abettors during his life.

About this period flourished Teige Dall O'Higgin, son of Cairbre, and brother of Maurice, Archbishop of Tuam. He composed a satire[1] on six persons of the tribe of O'Hara of Leyny, in the County of Sligo, who had forcibly taken some refreshments in his house. The force of this satire was so much felt by the O'Haras, that they soon after returned to his house, cut out his tongue, and murdered his wife and child. See O'Reilly's *Irish Writers*, p. clxx.

Aenghus O'Daly, the author of the very characteristic poem, now for the first time submitted to the public, is generally known to Irish scholars by the appellation of the *Bard Ruadh*, or Red Bard, and sometimes by that of *Aenghus na n-aer*, i. e. Enos, Angus, or Æneas of the satires,—to distinguish him from several other O'Dalys of the name Aenghus. He lived in the reign of Elizabeth, and is said to have been specially employed by the agents of Lord Mountjoy and Sir George Carew[2] to write this poem, which is a bitter satire, lampoon, or burlesque,

[1] This satire begins "Sluaġ ṡeiṡiṙ ṫáiniġ do'm ṫiġ," (i.e. "a group of six [men] came to my house)."
He describes the miserable starved appearance of these O'Haras, "who were anatomies of death: living dead men," and concludes by praying that they may never be killed in battle, but that they may continue in life, which was worse than any death!!

[2] After the death of Sir Peter Carew, junior, the claim of the Carew family to half the kingdom of Cork, and the barony of Idrone, in the County of Carlow, was taken up by Sir George Carew, President of Munster, who corroborated his title by all sorts of forgeries, and among others by an Irish prophecy, which he got composed for the occasion—perhaps by our author!! A copy of this prophecy, with a translation and three explanatory notes, is preserved in his collection of MSS. now at Lambeth Palace (No. 607, fol. 149), and runs as follows. We are not however, told the name

directed against the chiefs of the principal ancient Irish families, and such of the descendants of the Anglo-Normans as had adopted their customs and formed alliances with them, in order that an easy conquest might be made of the country by dint of assertion and bare-faced effrontery, which were likely to stir up their angry passions. The boast of the Irish was hospitality, and even their enemy Sir Richard Cox acknowledges that they were recklessly hospitable.

Aenghus executed his task, by attempting to prove in detail, by force of assertion, that they were not hospitable nor generous; that they were too poor to afford being so; which was the mode of proceeding to excite their anger. He received, however, that kind of reward which he did not anticipate, but which all recreant betrayers of their race, richly deserve: for on appearing at a banquet in the sweet Palatine County of Tipperary, he was stabbed through the heart by the order or command of O'Meagher, chief of Ikerrin, at the rudeness of whose mansion he had made some scurrilous remark. He is said to have composed extempore, a remarkable quatrain respecting his having so recklessly lampooned his countrymen. This quatrain the reader will find at the end of the poem.

On undertaking to produce this poem, he made a regular circuit of the kingdom,—which was then in a most deplorable state of distress,—satirizing the different families in his progress, which he did with an unsparing pen, dipped in gall, and poison, and sometimes in filthier ink; but he was so much afraid of some of them that he did not venture to defame them. He does not lampoon Red Hugh O'Donnell, because he was, as he

of the Saint who made the prophecy, but we suspect it was *St. Aenghus Ceile-Dé-moin ! !*—

"Ticfaiḋ do ċeart* [no ċairt†] an Charúnaiġ,
Go maḋ haiṫreaċ liḃ a nḋéntaiḋe;
Buḋ hiomḋa glór allṁúraiġ,
D'a sceaoilcó coir na Miaċlaiġe.‡ [no Mianlaiġe.]

"It will proceed of Carew's right,
You will regret your private actes;
When many a foreign voice unyte,
Will be on banks of Myathlaght."

*"Ceart, a man's title, a man's interest, more fitly a man's lawful estate, or a man's right."

† "Cairt, an evidence of any thing, escripts, charters, or deeds of conveyance."

‡ "Myathlagh, a river in Muynter-Vary, in Carebry, Myan Leay [mianlaċ] the pleasant ryver of the Leay."

acknowledges, in dread of his vengeance; and he had not the stomach to satirize Mac Cann of Clann Breasail at the upper Bann, because he did not deserve it. Other exceptions are also observable, but it is to be suspected that local scribes have corrupted some quatrains, and foisted in others for their own amusement; for no original, or very old copy of the poem has yet been discovered.

The poet displays a thorough knowledge of the private and general history of the different tribes and chieftains, and of the localities of their respective territories,—as well as of the manners and customs of the period. From the numerous references to bread and butter throughout the poem, it would appear that these formed the staple food[1] of the country at the time.

The celebrated Florence Mac Carthy, the son-in-law of the Earl of Clancare; (and, who was elected Mac Carthy More, by the arch-rebel Hugh O'Neill, Earl of Tyrone) wrote a letter[2] to the English Government when he was confined in the tower of London, advising the bribing of the Bards to bring over the Irish gentry to the English interest; and there can be but little doubt that it was at his suggestion our author was employed to write this poem.

In this letter, which was written in August, 1602; and addressed to Cecil, the great Florence,[3] writes:—"The two sorts of people of the greatest ability and authority to persuade the Irish gentlemen are the priests and *rimers*:—both dislike the English Government more than other classes do. The priests may not be trusted to do service for the Queen; while of the Rimers only *some* may, *if employed by those gentlemen whose followers they are by lineal descent*."

He then goes on to say, that "he means to employ *one of special trust* and sufficiency."—Boasts that "he was the chiefest cause of cutting off the Earle of Desmond," and says that he is called "a damned counterfeit Englishman, whose only employment was to *practise how to destroy his countrymen the Irish*."

It appears from various letters in the State Papers' Office, London, that many of the native Irish were employed at this

[1] See *Four Masters*. O'Higgin vowed that he would not give bread and butter together to any guest.

[2] This Letter is preserved in the State Papers' Office, London.

[3] This Florence was a man of gigantic stature, and possessed of such talents that it was thought safer to keep him a prisoner.

period as interpreters, and in low situations as spies and underlings, from which some of them crept into rank and station. Of these, the most notable was, Sir Patrick Crosbie, who was the son of Mac-An-Crossan, O'More's Bard, or Rhymer, and the ancestor of the Glandore family and of Crosby of Ardfert, in Kerry. In a tract in the State Papers' Office, dated 3rd July, 1600, it is stated that "Patrick Crosby, or Crossan, *was a 'mere Irishman, by birth,'* and 'UNSOUND IN BODY AND MIND;'" that "his father had been Rhymer or Bard to the O'Mores;" that "he was *an underling of the Government in Dublin,* and procured patents of pardon for such of the Irish as applied to him;" that "he was in the habit of passing patents which *purposely contained defects;*" that being a Deputy to Sir Geoffrey Fenton, the Surveyor-General, "he surveyed forfeited Estates in a corrupt and false manner, at estimates much under their real value; and on one occasion he made out a pretended title for the Queen to forty parcels of land, for part of which he then obtained a patent for himself." It is added that "*owing to these proceedings divers men in Munster had been driven into rebellion.*"

A. D. 1601, December 2. The aged Earl of Ormonde, in a letter to Sir Robert Cecil, on the subject of the fraudulent and atrocious conduct of the subordinate Government Officials of the day, observes that Crosby's real surname was *Mac-y-Crossane*; and that his ancestor had been *Chief Rhymor* to the O'Mores and O'Connors.

In 1601, May, 2. Sir George Carey writes to Cecil, recommending Patrick Crosby; who, he declares, was greatly hated by the Irish "as a continual worker of means for their overthrow."

He became the chief agent for the removal of the unfortunate seven Septs of Leix, into Kerry; and for these and like services he obtained large grants of land in Kerry and elsewhere.[1]

Another native Irishman, and employed by the Government, at this period, was Sir Francis Shane, who was knighted by the Lord Deputy, Sir George Carey, in 1602. He was a member of the sept of the Clan-Shane O'Farrell of Longford. He obtained considerable grants of land from the Crown, and successfully exposed great corruption in the Surveyor's, Eschcator's, and Patent Offices in Dublin. In 1605 (September 28), Lord

[1] Letter of Herbert F. Hore, Esq., of Poll-Hore, County of Wexford, to the Editor, *dated 1st August,* 1851.

and Lady Delvin wrote to the Earl of Salisbury complaining of Sir Francis Shane, for disturbing them from lands in Longfordshire. They mention that he asserted he was one of the O'Farrell Clan, and wished to be chief of them; whereas it was well known he was the son of one Nicholas Shane, son to one Shane some time Smith of Ardcath, and not of the O'Farrell family. From documents in the State Papers' Office, it appears that his mother, Margaret Bathe, had been concubine to Sir William Brabazon, Treasurer of Ireland, who enriched her so much that she found other husbands in Sir Thomas L'Estrange, and — Dillon, by whom she was mother of Justice Dillon of Connaught. Francis Shane and Sir Thomas L'Estrange were knights of the Shire for the County of Galway, in 1585.

Another successful man of the *mere Irish* at this period was William Doyne. He was interpreter of Irish to the State before the year 1589. He was of the O'Duinn family of Iregan, and was probably ancestor of the now Anglicised and highly respectable family of Doyne.

Another very successful interpreter of Irish to the State at this period was Sir Patrick Fox, who during the various rebellions acted as intelligencer. In 1588, he was a clerk to the Clerk of the Dublin Privy Council, which important and lucrative office he afterwards filled himself in 1610. In 1607, he was one of the Commissioners for Defective Titles—a much abused office—and he obtained large grants of land from king James. His son, Nathaniel Fox, is the ancestor of the family of the Fox's of Foxhall, in the County of Longford.

Nothing has been discovered to prove directly that our Bard was employed by the Government, but it looks very likely that he received a small portion of the secret service money, which was at the disposal of Crosbie, Fox, and others. O'Reilly gives the following account of Aenghus na-n-Aor:

" On the 16th day of December, 1617, died Aengus, or Æneas Roe O'Daly, as appears by an Inquisition taken at the old Castle in Cork, on the eighteenth day of September, 1624. By this Inquisition it was found that Angus O'Daly was seized in his life time of the town and lands of Ballyorroone, containing three carrucates of land, value ten shillings per annum; and being so seized, did, on the last day of March, 1611, enfeoff Thadeus Mc Carthy, Richard Waters, John O'Daly, and Farfasa O'Canty,[1] and their heirs for ever, to the use of said

[1] Farfasa O'Canty composed a poem of one hundred and eighty verses on the death of Donnell O'Keeffe of the territory of Ealla, in

Angus O'Daly, during his natural life, and after his death to the use and benefit of Angus O'Daly, junior, his son and heir, and the heirs male of his body lawfully begotten; and that the said feoffees, Thadeus, Richard, John and Farfasa, the foresaid premises, without the king's license being first obtained, together with Angus O'Daly, senior, did, by their deed, dated tenth of April, 1617, enfeoff Carolus O'Daly, his heirs, and assigns, in the western part of the land of Ballyorroone aforesaid, with the appurtenances, containing one carrucate of land, under this condition, that, when the said Angus O'Daly, senior, his heirs and assigns, should pay said Carolus O'Daly, his heirs or assigns, the sum of thirteen pounds, then the said Angus O'Daly, senior, his heirs, or assigns, should be at liberty to re-enter and possess said land and premises, as before the making of said deed. And that afterwards the said Angus O'Daly died on the sixteenth of December, 1617."

From his general abuse of the Irish Tribes he exempts the Clann Dalaigh, or O'Donnells; because as he says, he was afraid of their vengeance. We have not met any of his compositions besides the present, except a poem of one hundred and sixty-eight verses, on the death of Donnchadh Fionn Mheic Carrthaigh (Donogh Mac Carthy, the fair), which begins thus:—

"Tainic léan do leaṫ Ṁoġa,"
"Misfortune hath befallen Leath Mhogha."

There was also a poet who signed himself Fear doṙċa O'Ḋalaiġ (i.e., the dark-visaged, or blind, O'Daly), and sometimes mac Ċormaic Uí Ḋalaiġ (i. e., the son of Cormac O'Daly), of whom O'Reilly in his *Irish Writers* makes no mention whatever; unless he was son to Cormac O'Daly, who flourished A. D. 1590. He was author of a bitter satire of thirty-one stanzas, on a celebrated Almanack-maker,[1] or rather

the County of Cork, and on that of the poet Angus O'Daly, commonly called the Red Bard or Angus the Satirist. See O'Reilly's *Irish Writers*, p. clxxvii.

[1] We have seen a copy of these Astrological Almanacks, published at the Sign of the Pot, Stephen's-green, Dublin, A.D. 1696. Dr. Whaley, the Author, is said to be the son of an Englishman who came to Ireland in Cromwell's train; and is stated to be instrumental in the hanging of a brother to the bard; which circumstance provoked this bitter invective. We understand that there are original documents in the hands of a gentleman in town, relative to his father's arrival in Ireland; and that many of his progeny are still living in Dublin.

Astrologer Doctor Whaley, who lived in Stephen's Green, Dublin; which is the bitterest—most wicked—and diabolical satire, ever written in the Irish language.

The poet first describes the hellish practices of the Astrologer, whom he describes as in league with the Devil, who since he began to view the moon and the planets, had, with his Balor-eye, destroyed their benign influence; so that the corn-fields, the fruit-trees, and the grass had ceased to grow; the birds had forgotten their songs (except the ominous birds of night), and the young of animals were destroyed *in utero*. He then begins to wither this Antichrist of Ireland with imprecations, awful in the highest degree; implores that the various diseases which waste the world may attack him, and calls down upon his guilty head the curses of God, the angels, the saints, and of all good men. Dr. Whaley, however, does not appear to have melted before this *aeir* of O'Daly, for he lived to a great age, and composed more effectual lampoons on the Irish, than the Bards (then on the decline) had composed on him. His Almanacks throw much light on the history of the ferocious times in which he lived. See *Annals of the Four Masters*, Ed. J. O'D., A.D. 1414, note l.

For the amusement of the Irish reader we give this satire in the original Irish.

AOIR DHOCTUIR WHALEY.

Cread an sproċt nó'n toċt-sa air Ghaeḋaliḃ?
Iad d'a n-daoraḋ 's iad ag éisdeaċt;
Ag ifrionnaċ na loċt—ag broc an éiṫiġ,
Ag *Antichrist* Bhanba, Doċtúir *Whaley*.

Ca b-fuil na draoiṫe liomṫa, géara?
Ca b-fuil O'Meaḋra[1] 'na na h-éigse?
'Na g-coillte 'taid? nó a n-gleanntaiḃ sléiḃe?
No an Eaċ-ḋruim do leagaḋ go léir iad!

Ca b-fuil Saḋḃ, Meaḋḃ, nó Déirdre?
'Nó Raġnailt ḃarramail, ḃéasaċ?
Nó Conċoḃar ruaḋ, ríġ na h-éigse?
Réir mar ḋearḃas a ċeart-laoi Gaoiḋilge.

[1] Dermot O'Meara, a learned physician who lived at Ballyragget, in the County of Kilkenny, early in the seventeenth century. He was author of a work entitled " Hybernie Pathologia Hæreditaria

Do ruġ sé bárr ós na céadtaiḃ,
A d-teangain Eabra, a Laidin 's a n-Gréigis;
'S nach raiḃ fear rann na dán do ḋéanaṁ,
A ḋéarfaḋ amáin go g-cáinfeaḋ Eire;
Do ġlacfaḋ uaiḋ duais na aon-rad,
No gur ċuir sé cáin 's táir ar Ghaeḋlaiḃ,
'S gur baineaḋ an ceann gan ṁoill de i n-éiric!

Cread dob áil liom ag caint na ag innsint sgéalta?
D'iṁṫiġ súd 's d'iṁṫiġ séirion;
'S tá curṫa go deo faoi ċeó néaltaḋ,
Faoi mar tá sgríoḃṫa ag Doċtúir *Whaley*!

An ḃrúid ṫútach, ċrúbach, ḃréagach,
Fear-cú ġortach, loċtach, éilpeach;
Madra cealgach, drannach, craosach,
Leabar na loċt do ċnoc an naoṁ-Dia!

Maistiġe ó ifrionn d'á ġríosaḋ le géar-ġoin,
Preiciollach, pusach, prioslach, péastach;
Madra-alla d'alpaḋ Gaeḋlaiḃ,
Bhíoḋ le feoil Aoine 's uisge gréise,
Ag fliuċaḋ pátraiġe, meannaiḋe, 's eille.

Paitréir na n-olc do ċuireaḋ go faobrach,
Le cleit-ṗrioca gusdal gach léan-uilc;
Ag iarraiḋ ar an g-cúirt mar ba ṁéinn leis,
Eaglais Chriost do ḋíbirt as Eirinn!

Is tu an dara *Pharaoh* naiṁdeach, fraoċda,
Mar *Minotaurus* d'iṫeaḋ na Gréagaiġ;
Is mar sin tá do rún le Gaeḋlaiḃ,
A ġiostaire an ġliseire 's an ḃréantais.

Cread é do ġaol le *Jupiter*, nó le *Venus*,
Nó le *Juno*, 'nar ḋuḃċas duit féaċain;
Le réalta, plainéidiġe na spéarta,
Mhúċ tú go follus an solus as *Phoebus*.

Generalis sive de morbis Hæreditariis." 12mo. *Dub*. 1619, which is now very scarce. He also wrote a poem on the Earl of Ossory, his chief patron, with interesting notices of the noble family of Ormonde. See Harris's *Ware's Writers of Ireland*, p. 90.

Bhain tú an sprėag as ṫear na gréine,
Ní'l raiṫ ar an d-talaṁ 's níor ḃ-féidir!
Do ṫraoċ an ḟairge 's ḋeang na spéarta,
Níor ḟás gort 's do loisg na féarta.

Tá gaċ crann d'éis a ṫoraḋ do ḟéanaḋ,
Ní áirṁím an t-uisge 'nar imṫig na h-éisg as;
Ní'l searraċ a láir, na uan a g-caoraiġ,
Ní'l laoġ na laċt ag mart i n-Éirinn,
'S má ċióir crain al ní ḃéarfaiḋ!

Is buan gaċ bean ag caoine a céile,
Atá 'n Eala ar an g-calaiṫ 'na h-aénar;
'S fiolair na coille ag sgreada 's ag éiṁe,
'S d'imṫiġ uainn fuaim na n-éanlaiṫ.

Do ċuir tu an donas air ealtaiḃ na h-Éireann,
Is balḃ an ċuaċ 's ní laḃrann an traonaċ;
An lon-duḃ, an smolaċ, 'na 'n ċéirseaċ,
An druideog, an ḟeaḋóg 'na 'n naosgaḋ.

Un ḟuiseóg 's an spideóg gan aon smid,
Ta an colam a búiṫre 's an bunán léana;
'S na daoine, faraoir! mar an g-céadna,
O ṫionsgain an t-súil Bhalair beiṫ agaṁarc na réaltaṅ,
Astrologer ó'n mac Mallaċtann *Whaley*.

Dunaḋ ar do ṡúiliḃ gan léir-rosg!
Fuaċt air do ċluasaiḃ gan éistioċt!
Cailcín ort 's buan díṫ-céille!
'S na raiḃ sprėag a n-alt na ḃ-féiṫ leat!

Spadánas ad ṫeangaiŋ na faġair laḃairt do ḋéanaṁ,
Gan smior, gan smior, go raiḃ do ġéaga;
Sgrios neannta 's canncar béil ort,
Fiolún fionn is sileaḋ réama ort.

Fiaḃras breac is galar péiste ort,
Bolgaċ ṁuc 's bolgaċ éan ort;
Cosg fuail 's niorcóid ċléiḃ ort,
Scurvy, crioċ, 's galar na n-ae ort.

Fallsaoir 's iorruir ad ċlí 's ad ġéagaiḃ,
Dolgaċ Fhrancaċ ad ċeann gan déadaiḃ;
Lobar 's canntal a g-cionn a ċéile ort,
'S gaċ plaiġ dá d-táinig do'n Éigipt.

Corgairt ad ċeart-lár ag daolaiḃ,
Péiste ag dul tríot 's ad ġéar-ġoin;
'S do ċroicionn uait eadtorra dá raoba,
An ionad ḋuḃ gur tu an péarsa.

Ag *Belzebub* ad sracaḋ ó ċéile,
Ag *Cerberus* go raḃair a búiṫre 's a béice;
Orgar na súirse ag rúrgaḋ do ḃréan-ċuirp,
'S *Averroes* na n-garḃ-ḃrúċt ḃréana.

A múin sa cac 's a sgeaċraċ ort a n-éinḟeaċt,
A impir na loċt 's a ṫoil do ḋéana;
An ḟaid ḃeiḋir beó na raiḃ séan ort,
'S go d-tuitir ad ḃallaiḃ o ċéile.

As fada roiṁe ḃí tú a n-galar éaga,
Go g-cuirid raca na g-ceart ort an tonn taosgaċ;
Do rin do ċorp mallaiġṫe peacaiḋe do sgéaṫċan,
Do leaṫ do ġeataiḋe air feaḋ na h-Éireann.

A dúḃairt tú linn ad leaḃraiḃ éiṫig,
Gur do ċloċa 's do ċroinn do gníḋmid sléaċta;
Ní fíor duit sin a ḟeanḋir bréige,
Aċt do'n Aṫair, do'n Mhac 's do'n Spiorad Naoṁṫa.

A ċoiḃléir bodaiġ, loḃṫa, ġránna,
Ní ḃeiḋ mé a n-earraid leat san g-cás so;
Ní ag plé creiḋim leat atá mé,
Aċt dá ṁolaḋ duit le guiḋe ġárrṫa.

Mallaċt Dé ort 's a naoṁ-Ṁaṫar,
Mallaċt na n-Apstal ort 's an Phápa:
Mallaċt na Sagart ort 's na m-Bráṫar,
Mallaċt na m-baintreaḃaċ 's na n-garlaċ.

Mallaċt na lag ort 's na laidir,
Mallaċt síol Éaḃa 'gus Aḋaiṁ ort;
Atá súil agam go ḃ-faiciod an lá úd
'Na d-taḃarfaiḋ Diarmaid[1] marcaiġeaċt árd duit,

[1] The Jack Ketch of his day.

Ar ḃeaṫaḃaċ focair, foċma, laraċ,
Le stíorróiríḋe maide 's coiléar cnaibe,
'S ma ṫuitir a ḃodaiġ go m-bristear do ċnaṁa,
'S go d-tuitiḋ ingne do ċos 's do laṁa ḋíot.

Ma ḃuailtear smailc ort ġeaḃaiḋ tú plastar,
A rúma *Vulcan* a ḃ-ḟoċair do ṁaṫar;
Go d-teilgṫear ann tu go deire na n-grasa,
'S nar ḟóiriḋ CRIOSD ort, na a Ṁaṫair?

Iarraim sud air Dhia, gan faid iongan dar luig bean mear na órdóg, na deargnait gob ort, gan bun do ċinn ag sile agas a gnaiṫ-ṡile; agas tu ad luiḋe air leaba aitinn a maoilinn sléiḃe a m-béal doruis gan coṁlaḋ; seaċt míle o aen ċaidriom, aċt caidriom faolċon, leóġan, agas leopard; agas gan do ḃrat suain ort aċt sgaoilteog snaḋmaċ do ġoidfiḋ tú; do ċorp do ġeaḃas bas leis an m-bolgaċ Ḟranncaċ!

Ni beag liom so anois do ráḋ leat,
Mar is buaċaill boċt me ta loisgṫe, craiḋte;
Beó air éigin déis mo ċairde,
A's me an fear dorċa, mac Chormaic Ui Dhalaiġ.[1]

The last satire, lampoon or burlesque of any note composed in the Irish language, was written in 1713, by Aoḋagan O'Raṫġaille[2] (Egan O'Rahilly), a Munster poet, on an industrious farmer and tax-gatherer in Kerry, named Tadhg Dubh O'Croinin [Teige Duff O'Cronin], the ancestor, in the female line, of the Cronins of the Park, near Killarney. In this burlesque, O'Rahilly traces the pedigree of O'Cronin in thirteen generations to the devil!! This outrageous lampoon was intended by its author to ridicule the illiterate plebeian families planted in Ireland by Cromwell, and such of the native Irish as united with them in oppressing the old Irish race who were permitted to live on the lands of their ancestors, in cabins not worth more than thirty shillings per annum.

[1] In other copies this line reads:—

Na ceilgíḋe m'ainim fear dorċa O'Dalaiġ.

[2] For a sketch of the life of Egan O'Rahilly, see *The Poets and Poetry of Munster*, (second edition) p. 21, *Dub*. 1850.

The copy selected for publication was made by a Munster scribe named Quinlivan, about A. D. 1770, and is the best we remember having ever seen. But the publisher not being altogether satisfied with the correctness of its text, applied to the Council of the Royal Irish Academy, for permission to compare it with any copies which may be in their library; and that body, with the spirit which animates all true Irishmen and lovers of the literature of their country and race, immediately responded to his call, by placing all their MSS. before him for this purpose; and he feels bound to say that, in their collection he found three copies of the poem, in which he found several stanzas not in his own, nor in any other copy he ever met with.

Professor Connellan also gave permission to use a very good copy of the poem which he made from one compared and corrected by the famous old schoolmaster and scribe,—Peter O'Connell of Kilrush, who flourished from about 1780 to 1824;—the original of which, is now in the library of Lord George Augusta Hill, of Ballyane House, County of Donegal—thus leaving on record for posterity, whatever its fate may be, the best copy of O'Daly's satires extant.

It is necessary, however, to inform the reader that we have arranged the different quatrains of the whole satire under proper heads—the verses relating to Connacht are first in consecutive order; and next come those of Leinster, of the families of which province our author said but very little. Next comes the portion relating to Ulster, where he seems to have made several journeys; and last of all we have placed the portion relating to Munster—his native province—and where he lost his life by the hand of a Tipperary O'Meagher, to whom the knife and sword were equally familiar.

JOHN O'DONOVAN.

8, Newcomen Place, North Strand, Dublin, January, 1852.

Aenġus O'Dálaiġ, cct.

Cuid Chonnaċt ſonn.

Muintir Fhioḋnaċa na mionn,
A b-fuil díob fionn, agus dub;
Is mór an ceannaċ ar a m-biaḋ,
A t-tugaid na ḋiaiġ do ġuċ.

Arán Inide agus feoil,
Ní iosainn aċt dom' aimḋeoin;
Gideaḋ is eigin cumailt leis,
O naċ féidir teaċt tairis.

Muintir Eolais an úir ċais,
Luċt an ċneama buiġ, bárr-ġlais;
Oireaċt gan arán, gan im,
Lomas gaċ cuaille cuilinn!

1 *Muintir-Fhidhnacha,* i.e, the family of Fenagh, or Fidhnacha Muighe-Rein, in the County of Leitrim. These were the O'Rody's or O'Rodachans, who were Comharbas of St. Caillin in the Church of Fidhnach. They are of the same race as the Mac Rannalls.

2 *Of relic's* (na mionn). The O'Rodachains of Fidhnach, had several remarkable relics in their possession before Cromwell's time, such as bells, sacred standards, and the shrine of St. Caillin, who was the founder and patron of their Church. A very remarkable Bell called Clog-na-righ, i.e., the Bell of the Kings, which belonged to this family, is still preserved. See *Annals of the Four Masters,* Ed. J.O'D., A.D. 1244, note 17.

An ancient vellum MS. which also belonged to this family, is still preserved near the Church of Fidhnach, and a very ancient copy in the British Museum, and a modern copy on parchment in the Library of the Royal Irish Academy. See the *Miscellany of the Irish Archæological Society,* vol. I. pp. 115, 117, 118, for some account of Tadhg O'Rodachain, or O'Rody, the head of this family in 1688, who had a large collection of Irish Antiquities and Manuscripts.

The Coarb and Herenach families of Ireland looked upon themselves as of the rank of gentlemen, and were often remarkable for hospitality. This Thady Roddy of Fidhnach, says of himself in his letter to Lhwyd, written in May 1700. "I Thady Roddy that writes this have written [the pedigrees of] all the familyes of the Milesian race from this present age to Adam, *tho' none of the race of Antiquaryes,* BUT A GENTLEMAN that has more ancient books of Ireland, and that learned, and understands them as well at least, as any now in Ireland, or any where, all which paines I take for my countryes sake, for my owne satisfaction, and to preserve so noble and singular a monument of honor and antiquity." *Ibid,* pp. 120, 121.

AENGHUS O'DALAIGH, CECINIT.

THE PORTION RELATING TO CONNACHT.

The family of Fidhnach[1] of relics,[2]
Such of them as are fair, and black,
'Tis a dear purchase for their food,
How they grumble after giving it.

Shrove-tide bread[3] and flesh,
I would not eat but against my will;
Yet it is necessary to lay to it,
As it cannot be avoided.[4]

Muintir Eolais[5] of the barren soil,
People of the soft, green, wild garlic;[6]
A horde without corn, or cattle,
Who strip each holly tree.[7]

For more iuformation on this subject, the reader is referred to Ussher's tract on Corbes, Erenachs, and Termon lands, published in the second number of Vallancey's *Collectanea*, Colgan's *Trias Thaum.* p. 630, 631, and Lanigan's *Ecclesiastical History of Ireland*, vol. II. p. 37, and vol. IV. p. 30.

3 *Shrove-tide bread*, i.e., pancakes.

4 *As it cannot be avoided*, i.e., because I had nothing else to get.

5 *Muintir-Eoluis*, i.e., the tribe of Eolas, son of Biobhsach, and twenty-fourth in descent from Conmhac, ancestor of the Conmhaicne of Magh-Rein. After the establishment of hereditary surnames, the chief family of this sept took the surname of Mag Raghnaill, now Magrannell and Reynolds. Their territory comprised the entire of all Magh-Rein, or the southern and level portion of the present County of Leitrim. The late Squire Reynolds, who was murdered at Sheemore, in the County of Leitrim, was the last head of this family. His daughter Mary Anne Reynolds, alias Mac Namara of Lough-scur House, is the only surviving person of his family. Her grandson on becoming of age will take the name of Peyton Reynolds. John Reynolds, Esq, M.P., is of their race, but his pedigree has not yet been traced.

6 *Wild garlic*, cneaṁ, or cneaṁ; is still the living word for wild garlic, or gentian, in Ireland; and in the Highlands of Scotland.

7 *Strip each holly tree.* The bark of the holly, and also of the elder-tree, was given to children with voracious appetites, "to straiten their guts." This is told of step-mothers in various parts of Ireland. The Ȝarlaċ Coileanaċ was wont to tell his father that his guts were not yet narrowed enough from the bark, for the quantity of bread he could lick off the flag given him by his step-mother, who used place a thin flag in the centre of the cake which she baked for his breakfast.

Atá an ṫeaċ mar naċ cubaiḋ,
Teaċ Chaṫail Ui Chonċubair;
Clann a's bean a n-aṁgar ann,
Teaċ gan arbar, gan annlann.

An diabal fear marbṫa mart,
Tá a niu a g-Clár Chonnaċt;
Aċt lotaire beag ó Chruaċain Chuinn,
A's socaire eile ó Liaṫ-druim.

Is neaċ air ar ċuit an t-sean-ṁallaċt,*
Innisim duit go follas.—
D'fanfaḋ a Síol Anmċaḋa,
A's ifreann ar a ċumas.

Ma's ar grȧḋ do Mhuire ṁóir,
Do ġníḋ aon ċuid 'na h-onóir;
Dá m-biaḋ ag duine dá n-deaċaiḋ,
Biaiḋ Muire ag na Maineaċaiḃ.

1 *Cathal O'Conor*, Charles O'Conor of Ballintober Castle, in the County of Roscommon.

2 *Drink.* Annlann is the latin *obsonium*, i.e., what the low Irish and the Lowland Scotch call kitchen, i.e., any victuals eaten with bread, &c. Armstrong, says in his Gælic Dictionary, that *Annlann* expresses all the more substantial eatables, *ab ovo usque ad mala.* In Ireland it means kitchen stuff, or any kind of soup, broth, dip, or *blind herring*, that enables one to swallow bread or potatoes. See the Letter of *Julius Vindex.* A boy in the South of Ireland was heard to say, that he would not ask better annlann with his potatoes than blind herring, that is, salt and water; and the same youth frequently swallowed *lumpers* and this *luxurious soup*, until he had to be tied with a rope to prevent him from bursting.

3 *The plain of Connacht.* This was, and is still, the name of a spacious and fertile plain extending from Roscommon to Elphin, and from Strokestown to Castlerea, in the County of Roscommon. But the bard evidently intends the term to denote all the rich plains of Connacht.

4 *Plunderer of Cruachain*, i.e., O'Conor Don.

5 *Snouty of Leitrim*, i.e., O'Rourke of Leitrim Castle, at this time a very stout rebel. This was Brian Oge, who died in 1604. His father, *Brian na Murtha*, was hanged and beheaded in London, A.D. 1591, and his head set up on a spike over London Bridge, as one of the "*Læsæ Majestatis capita.*"

* In another copy.

Is duine dona deaṁnaiḋe,
No cnúġ boċt ar buile;
Do raċaḋ go Síol Anmċaḋa,
As ifreann ar a ġoine.

The house is not in meet condition,
The house of Cathal O'Conor,[1]
Children and wife are in distress there,
A house without corn, or drink.[2]

The devil a killer of beeves,
Is this day in the Plain of Connacht,[3]
Except the small plunderer of Cruachain,[4]
And another snouty of Leitrim.[5]

He is a person on whom the old curse has fallen,—
I tell it to you openly,—
Who would remain in Sil-Anmchadha,[6]
And Hell at his command.

If it be for love of the great Mary,
They make but one meal in her honour;
If any one that ever departed got to see her,
The Manians[7] shall enjoy her [company].

He is an evil demoniac wight,
Or a poor mad wretch;
Who would go to Sil-Anmchy,
And hell within his reach.

[6] *Sil Anmchadha*, i.e., the race of Anmchadh, or Animosus. This was the tribe-name of the O'Maddens, whose territory comprised the barony of Longford, in the County of Galway, and the parish of Lusma in the King's County. Sir Frederick Madden of the British Museum, and Dr. R. R. Madden, author of *The Lives and Times of the United Irishmen*, are of this race. See *Tribes and Customs of Hy-many*, for the pedigree of the senior branches of this family.

[7] *Manians*, i.e., the people of Hy-Many, or as some have called them, *of high mania*, and others "the sons of suck." These were the descendants of Maine Mor, the fourth in descent from Colla Da Chrich, son of Eochaidh Doimhlen, son of Cairbre Liffeachair, monarch of Ireland in the third century. After the establishment of surnames, the chief family of this sept took the surname of O'Ceallaigh (O'Kelly), from Ceallach, the fourteenth in descent from Maine Mor. See *Tribes and Customs of Hy-Many*, p. 97. Denis Henry Kelly, of Castlekelly, Esq., is the present chief of this family, and next to him in point of seniority is Count O'Kelly of Montauban, in the South of France. Conor O'Kelly of Ticooley, Esq., who is by descent a Count of the Holy Roman Empire, is the representative of the famous family of the O'Kellys, who were formerly seated at Gallagh, now Castle Blakeney, in the County of Galway.

Cloċ ar lasaḋ a m-bainne an ṁion-eallaiġ,
Leis an min ma ġeibṫear é;
A deir an t-anbfann do ṡíol g-Ceallaiġ,
"Is maiṫ an t-annlann Ċarraiġ é."

Iarraiḋ cnó ar ċoillṫiḃ sailiġ,
Iarraiḋ loingeas ar Loċ Cé;
Iarraiḋ coirce ar an g-Carraig,
Is iarraiḋ toice ar amuiḋ é.

Clann Riocaird tar éis aifrinn,
Dul d'a d-tiġṫiḃ ní abair siad;
Deacair dúinn dul d'a d-tafann,
Caoire le h-uċt aḃann iad.

Clann Riocaird ó ḃeinn go beinn,
Ó Ċill Ċorbáin go Buirinn;
Stiocardaiġ is é a n-ainm,
Riocardaiġ a ḃ-for-ainm.

[1] *Goats' milk,* bainne an ṁion-eallaiġ, literally, milk of the small cattle. Mion-eallaċ, i.e., the *pecudes,* goats or sheep, contradistinguished from the mór-eallaċ, i.e., cows. The imbecile chief of the O'Kelly's here referred to, was probably Hugh Caech O'Kelly of Mullaghmore.

[2] *Loch Ce,* now Lough Key, a beautiful lake with several islands, in the barony of Boyle, County of Roscommon, near the margin of which stands Rockingham, the magnificent residence of Lord Lorton.

[3] *The Carrick* (i.e., the Rock), i.e., *Carraig Locha Ce.* This was the name of Mac Dermot's chief Castle, which is situated on a small island in Lough Key. From this Lord Lorton formed the name Rockingham, for his mansion. See a view of Mac Dermot's Rock, or *Carraig-Locha-Ce,* in Doctor O'Conor's suppressed work, *Memoirs of the Life and Writings of Charles O'Conor of Belanagare.*

The allusion here to the absence of ships on Lough Key looks obscure enough. By *Loingeas,* however, is meant a fleet of boats, not of ships, as the word is now understood. At the present day a Connacht gentleman would call his boats on any of the great lakes, such as Lough Corrib, Lough Mask, or Lough Key, his "*fleet.*" The bard wishes here to insinuate that there was no cot or ferryboat kept at Caladh Locha Ce, by order of Mac Dermot, in order that no bard, minstrel, beggar, or any of the luċt iarrata neiṫ, might be able to get across to his teaċ n-aoiḋeaḋ !!

The present head of the family of Mac Dermot of Carrick, is the *Prince of Coolavin,* for an account of whose family the reader is

A red-hot stone in goats' milk,[1]
With the meal if it be got;
Says the imbecile of the race of Ceallach,
"It is a good dainty in Spring."

Seeking for acorns on willow trees,
Seeking for ships on Loch Ce;[2]
Seeking for a cot at the Carrick,[3]
Is like seeking wealth from an oaf.

The Clann Rickard after mass,
Will not ask you to their houses;[4]
It is difficult for us to go to bark at them,
They are sheep facing the river.

The Clann-Rickard from end to end,
From Kilcorban[5] to Burren;[6]
Stickards [misers] is their [true] name,
Rickards their nickname!

referred to *Memoirs of the Life and Writings of Charles O'Conor of Belanagare*, pp. 305, 306.

[4] *To their houses.* In other copies the reading is:—

"A ḋ-tiġṫe féin seaċnaid siad."
"Their own houses they shun."

[5] *Cill-Chorbain*, i.e., the Church of St. Corban, now Kilcorban, in the parish of Tynagh, barony of Leitrim, and County of Galway. It contains the ruins of St Corban's Church. See *Ordnance map, sh.* 117.

[6] *Burren.* buirinn, from borr great, and onn a stone, i.e., rocky district, now Burren, a barony forming the northern portion of the County of Clare, remarkable for its limestone rocks. It formed the southern boundary of Clanrickard, which comprised the baronies of Leitrim, Loughrea, Dunkellin, Kiltartan, Clare, and Athenry, in the County of Galway. The Clan-Rickard are the descendants of Rickard Mor De Burgo, son of William Fitz-Adelm, who died in the year 1205, and who was usually called William the Conqueror, by Irish Writers, as having conquered the province of Connacht. If our author had known the character given of Fitz-Adelm, by his contempory, Giraldus Cambrensis, he could have referred to it here with effect against the Burkes of Clanrickard, "semper in insidiis, semper in dolo, semper propinans sub melle venenum, semper latens anguis in herba. *Hibernia Expugnata* lib. II. c. xvi. "He died impenitently, without shrine, or extreme unction, or good burial in any church in the kingdome, but in a waste town." *Annals of Clonmacnoise.*

Muca dúba Chlainne Seoinín,
Mairid uile acht barr a g-cluas;
Mairean ál na cránaċ ruaḋ,
Ó ċaṫ Mhaiġe Guaire anuas.

Do ḃádar oiḋċe gan diġ,
A d-tiġ an Ghiolla-ḋuiḃ, 's gan biaḋ;
Ní buiḋeaċ fear aon uaire,
A n-Gort Innse-Guaire riaṁ.

Ní aonaim-se acht mna maṫa,
Clanna ríoġ, no ro-ḟlaṫa;
Ata síb-se saor, mar soin,
Níor aor mise búr máṫoir.

A Ċloċ an stuaicín! a Chúirt gan ċeann!
Le'r ṁeasas mo ċúl do ċur;
D'a h-ionnsaiġe níor ḋolta ḋam,
An Ċloċ 'na m-bí an ġorta ar gor!

[1] *The Clann-Jennin*, Clann Seoinín, now the family of Jennings. They descend from Seoinín, or Little John Burke and Nuala na Meadoige, daughter of O'Madden, the cráin ruaḋ, or red sow, here referred to.

[2] *The tops of their ears*, i.e., being torn off by the dogs. This is clearly figurative.

[3] *Magh Guaire*, i.e., Guaire's plain, a level district, in the territory of Kinel Guaire,near Kinvara, in the County of Galway. See Hardiman's Edition of *Iar-Connacht*, p. 332. The date of this battle has not yet been determined.

[4] *Gillyduff*, i.e., the black wight, or youth. This was the cognomen of Sir Roger O'Shaughnessy, who died in the year 1569. He was not therefore living when this poem was composed. See *Tribes* &c. of *Hy-Fiachrach*, p. 376.

[5] *Gort-innse-Guaire*, i.e., the garden of Guaire's holm or island, so called from Guaire Aidhne, king of Connacht in the seventh century. This is the present Irish name of the town of Gort, in the barony of Kiltartan, and County of Galway, formerly the chief residence of O'Shaughnessy.

[6] *Great chieftains.* Our author is here rather severe against O'Shaughnessy of Gort-innse-guaire,—" cujus nobilitatem antiquitatem et integritatem, qui non novit, Hiberniam non novit," See *Hy-Fiachrach* p. 373, and who boasted that he was the heir of Guaire Aidhne, king of Connacht, who was the personification of hospitality and generosity among the Irish poets, *Ibid* p. 391.

According to tradition, on calling at the castle of Gort, the Red Bard found the Lady of O'Shaughnessy only, at home, who paid him no attention whatever; but on the arrival of her sons, she informed them of the Bard's departure, and they set out after him to bring

The black hogs of the Clann-Jenning,[1]
All survive except the tops of their ears;[2]
The litter of the red sow have lived,
Since the battle of Magh-Guaire[3] downwards.

I was a night without drink,[4]
In the house of Gilly-duff, and without food;
An occasional visitor is never thankful,
At Gort Innse-Guaire[5] at any time.

I satirize but good women,
The sons of kings or great nobles;[6]
Ye are therefore free,
I have not satirized your mother.[7]

O Cloch an stuaicin![8] O Court without a roof!
To which I had intended to turn my back;
To visit it I should not have gone,
The stone-fortress in which famine was hatching!

him back. He would not however return with them, and then being asked whether he had satirized their mother for her inattention to him, he replied in the words of our text, I satirize, &c.

7 *Your mother.* She was the Lady Honora Ny-Brien, as nobly born a woman as the Bard ever had the honour of raising the teora fearba on her cheek. But in her youth she had embraced a religious life, and became abbess of the nunnery of Killoan, near the town of Clare, in the barony of Islands; but from this seclusion she ran off with Sir Roger O'Shaughnessy, by whom she had one son and one daughter, before they could procure a dispensation for their marriage. Thus was she vulnerable to the Bard's lampoon, but he was by far too severe. Later chiefs and members of the same family have also been rather unfortunate in their choice of wives, and have been severely lashed by the Bards, as Colonel William O'Shaughnessy, who went to France after the Revolution, where he died in 1744, and whose wife, the daughter of Lord Clare, lived with her own butler, William Boy [Buidhe] O'Kelly, after O'Shaughnessy's departure, and of whom one of our Bards has written:—

"A bean do ḟuair raiṫ gaċ mna do ṫoġa na b-fear,
O'Seachnasaiġ an aiġ, san-ṁac tiġearna an Ghuirt,
A ṁala gan naire, is nair mar d'eiriġ duit!
An t-sraċar anairde a n-ait na diallaide ort!"

MS., R.I.A.,—Hodges and Smith's Collection, No. 37, 4, p. 259.

8 *Cloch-an-stuaicin*, i-e., the stone, or stone-fortress, of the small projection, out-jutting (stuaic) point, or pinnacle; now Cloghastookeene near Loughrea, in the parish of Kilconickny, barony of Dunkellin, and County of Galway. It was the seat of a branch of the Burkes of Clanrickard, and extensive ruins of a Castle are still to be seen there. See *Ord. map*, sheet 105.

Ar n-dul dam go Dún Sandail,
Mo ḟursainn lán an lá sin;
Iar seangaḋ 'san dún sin dam,
Mo ċeannaḋ ó ṡoin níor ḟéadaḋ.

Má's ag diḃirt deamon táinig,
Mac Chalpruinn tar sáile anoir;
Níor ḋíbir sé na deamoin go léir,
A's clann Giobúin tar a éis t-soir!

Ní raiḃ luaḋ a n-Éirinn air,
'S ní raiḃ iomraḋ a n-Albain;
Do rine mé leas Uí Ḟhlainn,
Níor ḃ-fear é muna n-aorfainn!

Fuaras a n-diseart Uí Ḟhlainn,
Foiġe ó nár buiḋeaċ m'inntinn;
Aḃlann 's an g-cill do ċoirce,
'S a h-annlann d'im aḋairce.

[1] *Dunsandail* (Dún Sandail), i.e., Sandal's *Dun*, or earthen-fort, now Dunsandle near Loughrea, in the County of Galway, the extensive demesne of James Daly, now Lord Dunsandle. At the period to which the text refers, it belonged to a branch of the Clanrickard Burkes.

[2] *Dun*, i.e., an earthen fort; but the word is here used in the sense of seat or residence.

[3] *The son of Calphurn*, i.e., St. Patrick, the Apostle of Ireland. "Patrem habui Calpornium diaconum filium quondam Potiti presbyteri." *Confessio S. Patricii.*

[4] *Clann-Gibbon*, our author here unquestionably alludes to the Clann-Gibbon, who were seated in *Iar-Umhall*, to the west of the mountain of Croaghpatrick, or the Reek, in the barony of Murresk, County of Mayo. According to all the Lives of the Irish Apostle, he remained for forty days and forty nights on this lofty mountain, which was then infested by malignant demons, who opposed his progress in preaching the Gospel in this dreary region, but whom he drove thence headlong into the sea. Some of them, however, took their flight across the bay of Donegal, and took up their abode in the gloomy valley of Glencolumbkille, where they remained undisturbed until finally expelled by the great Thaumaturg, St. Columbkille. The Gibbons, who dwell around this mountain, have been at all times remarkable for their incorrigible tendency to cattle-houghing, and other barbarous crimes, which suggested to our author, that they were real demons, and according to some of the Bards of the West, they are descended from Crom Dubh, the chief of the Demons expelled from the Reek, who returned to *Lag na n-Deamhon*, after the death of St. Patrick, and married Barrdubh, the daughter of Balor Bemeann.

When I arrived at Dunsandle,[1]
My girth was full that day;
But after getting slender in that *dun*,[2]
I could never thereafter be filled.

If it were to banish demons, [brine;
The son of Calphurn[3] came from the east across the
He did not banish all the demons,
As the Clann-Gibbon[4] are here still.

In Eirin he was not noticed,
Neither was he spoken of in Alba;
I have promoted O'Flyn's welfare,
He would remain unknown had I not satirized him.

I got in O'Flynn's desert,
A pittance for which my mind was not thankful;
An oaten wafer in the church,
And its covering of horn butter.[6]

Patrick Gibbon, commonly called, *the Bard of the West*, on hearing this quatrain repeated, objected to its metre, and said that it should read as follows:—

Ma's do dhíbirt na n-deamhon ó Eirinn,
Tainig mac Chalpruinn tar sáile;
Nior dhíbir sé iad go léir uainn,
A's Clann Ghiobúin a n-Umhall Uí Mhaille.

If it were to banish the demons from Eirin,
The son of Calphrun came over the brine,
He did not banish them all from us,
As the Clann-Gibbon are in O'Malley's Umhall.

But Thibbot of the brandy, a famous satirist of this race, always boasted that the Gibbons of Connacht were of the race of William Fitz-Adelm, the ancestor of the Burkes.

[5] *In the Church.* This was the Church of Eas Dachonna, on the river Boyle, near the town of Boyle, in the County of Roscommon. It is now called *Eas-Ui-Fhlainn* (anglice Assylin), from the family of O'Flyn, who were hereditary Comharbas of St Dachonna Mac Eirc. See *Annals of the Four Masters*, Ed. J.O'D., A.D. 1209, p. 162, note [a], and A.D., 1222, p. 203, note [n], where some strange errors of *Ware* and *Colgan* respecting this Church are corrected. The word foighe in the second line of this quatrain, is explained by O'Reilly, "A voluntary contribution given to such of the decent poor as are ashamed to beg. It also signifies the four first of the corporal works of mercy."

[6] *Horn-butter*, or butter from a horn. The Bard here seems to suggest that O'Flyn's butter was so scant, as that it was preserved in a horn; or perhaps that it was gathered for him by beggars, who usually had a large cow-horn for carrying therein the small bits of butter they obtained here and there as alms. See Alcughadh an bhacaigh, MS. *Ling. Hib.* in our collection.

Cill Chorbáin an Ċill ṡí ṡiar,
Is mairg a raċaḋ a biaḋ fá na ḃroinn;
Arán is tana 'ná lainn éisg,
'S mar eaċ seangáin ar ṁéis do ġeiḃinn.

Bráiṫre Maiġne is maiṫ fá ṁormont,
Is maiṫ fá gaċ ní naċ g-caiṫ siad;
Dá ḟeanóir ársaiḋ, annḃfann,
Is maiṫ fá ċasnuiḋe d'aḃlainn iad.

Bráiṫre an Ċláir is iad a deirim,
Créad fa g-ceilfinn a loċta?
An dream ċiocraċ, ċlann-ṁór,
Ag a m-bí gann-ġlór na gorta!

Cuid Laiġean.

Sóġ is fearr d'á ḃ-fuaras fós,
A Laiġniḃ, móide a mionór;
Gaḃar truaġ a d-tiġ Ui Ḃroin,
'S gan luaḋ ar ḋiġ na ḋeáġoiḋ.

1 *Kilcorban*, see note 5, p. 39. *supra*.

2 *Muighin*, i.e., the Abbey of Moyne, near Killala, in the barony of Tirawley, County of Mayo. The magnificent ruins of this Abbey are still extant in excellent preservation. It was built for Franciscans of the strict observance, by Mac William Eighter De Burgo, A.D. 1460, and suppressed in the 37th of Elizabeth. See Archdall's *Monast. Hib.*

3 *The friars of Clare*, near the town of Galway, where the magnificent ruins of a Franciscan monastery are still to be seen. See Archdall's *Monasticon Hibernicum*, pp. 277, 278.

4 *Large families*. This does not mean that the friars had numerous families or children of their own, though the original text might well bear that interpretation; but that their numerous poor relations looked to them for support, as at the present day.

5 O'Byrne's Country comprised the entire of the barony of Newcastle, with that portion of the barony of Arklow, lying north of *Inbhear Daoile*, in the County of Wicklow. The last chief of the senior branch of this family mentioned in the Irish Annals, was Teige

Kilcorban[1] this church to the west!
Alas! for him who would get its food in his belly:
Bread that is thinner than the fins of a fish,
And like a pismire's steed, on a dish I got it.

The friars of Maighin[2] are liberal of wormwood,
They are liberal of every thing which they do not use;
Two decrepid very feeble seniors,
Who are liberal of the crumbs of their wafers.

The friars of Clare,[3]—it is they I mention,—
Why should I conceal their faults?
The greedy group with large families,[4]
Who have the penurious grumbling of famine.

THE PART WHICH RELATES TO LEINSTER.

The daintiest dish I got as yet,
Among the Leinstermen, the more their disgrace;
A lean goat in the house of O'Byrne,[5]
And no mention of drink after it!!

Oge O'Byrne of Newragh (an Iubrac), who died in 1578, leaving eight sons; but from this period forward this senior branch of the O'Byrnes was eclipsed by the superior power, fame and importance, of that of Fiach O'Byrne, the head of the Gaval-Ranall O'Byrnes of Ballinacor Castle, which is probably the house here referred to by our Bard. A reference to Spenser will shew that this powerful leader of the O'Byrnes, was attacked by more efficient satirists than Aenghus. *Eudoxus.* "Surely I can commend him, that being of himselfe of so meane condition, hath through his own hardiness lifted himself up to the height that he dare now front princes, and make tearmes with great potentates; the which as it is to him honourable, so it is to them disgracefull, to be bearded of such a base varlet of late growne out of the dunghill." &c. This Fiach defeated Lord Grey at Glenmalure, in 1580, but in 1597, the tough old rebel was run to earth like a hunted fox, and killed in a cave at Farraneren, by Captain Thomas Lee, commander of Rathdrum fort, who induced Fiach's wife to betray him and his sons. He was succeeded by his son Feilim.

Tuaċ Ui Riaġáin na ruag d-tais,
Luċt an ċneaṁa buig, bárr-ġlais;
Oireaċt gan arán, gan im,
Lomas gaċ cuaille cuillinn.

Ag súd ċugaib an Calbaċ!
'Na buinne buacaċ, ṁíoċarbaċ;
Dar leat is gaṁnaċ galair,
An Calbaċ O'Conċabair.

Mam sil ar losaib bronn-áird,
A d-tiġ an Chalbaiġ cúl-ruaiḋ;
Sgealparnaċ le téadaib searba!
'S go m-bainfeaḋ súd mairb as uaiġ!

Dealbna cruaiḋ, creat-lom, cnáṁaċ,
Aicme ġob-lom, ġearánaċ;
Dá b-faġainn Dealbna go cruinn,
Do ċuirfinn lem' ḋearna a Sionuinn!

1 *The Cantred of Iregan (Tuath Ui Riagain)*, i.e., the Country, Tuath, or District, of the Ui Riagain; now variously called Doohy Regan, Oregan, Iregan, O'Dunne's Country, or the barony of Tinahinch. It is situated at the foot of Sliabh Bladhma, in the north-west of the Queen's County. The O'Dunnes had the tribe-name of Ui-Riagain, from Riagan the great-grandfather of Donn, from whom they took their hereditary surname in the tenth century. Colonel Francis Dunne of Brittas, M.P., is the present head of this family.

2 *Of feeble incursions.* This is to reverse the character of this sept as given by O'Heerin, in his Topographical Poems, in which he speaks as follows:—

> Ar Uíb Riaġáin na ruag d-trom,—
> Gasra ṁear muiḋeas comlann,—
> O'Duinn taoiseaċ na toġla,
> Cuing na g-craoiseaċ g-caṫ-órda.
>
> Over the Ui-Riagain of the heavy incursions,
> A swift tribe who rout in the battle;
> Is O'Dunne, chief of the demolition,
> Hero of the golden battle spears.

3 *Wild Garlic.* See note [6], p. 35 *supra.*

4 *The holly tree.* See note [7], p. 35 *supra.*

5 *Calbhach O'Conchabhair*, i.e., Calvagh, or Charles O'Conor of Offaly, King's County. Brian O'Conor Faly (the son of Cathair,

The cantred of Iregan[1] of the feeble incursions,[2]
The people of the soft, green, wild garlic;[3]
A horde without bread, without butter,
Who strip each holly tree.[4]

Here comes to you the Calbhach,
A useless, haughty, sapling;
You would think him a sickly stripper,
The same Calbhach O'Conchobhair.[5]

A handful of seed in a deep trough,
In the house of the red-headed Calbhach:
Such tearing of discordant [harp] strings!
Which would raise the dead from the grave.

The Dealbhna[6] hard, meagre-faced, bony,
Are a sharp-mouthed, grumbling people;
If I found the Dealbhna collected all together
I would drive them with my hand into the Shannon.

son of Conn, son of Calbhach), lost Offaly by his attainder in the reign of Philip and Mary; but many of the family remained in the territory, and so late as 1626, Lysagh O'Conor, Esq., of this territory, was a gentleman of wealth and high rank, whose Will, which is a very curious document, is preserved in the Prerogative Court, Dublin. See *Hy-Fiachrach*, p. 127, note [d]. He was probably the son of the Calbhach here referred to. The last chief of this family was the late Maurice O'Conor of Mountpleasant, in the King's County, who became the heir of Lord Sunderlin, and whose sisters are still in the possession of Baronstown house, in the County of Westmeath.

[6] *The Dealbhna*, i.e., the Delvins. There were seven septs of this name seated in different parts of Ireland, but the sept here referred to, were the Dealbhna-Eathra, seated along the Shannon, in the present barony of Garrycastle, King's County. The Dealbhna are of the race of Dal g-Cais, and derived their patronymic from their ancestor Lughaidh Dealbh-aodh, the third son of Cas. See O'Flaherty's *Ogygia*, part III. c, 82. After the establishment of surnames, the Dealbhna-Eathra took the hereditary name of Mac Cochlain, now Coghlan. For some account of the last head of this family, see Brewer's *Beauties of Ireland*. Mr. John Coghlan, P. L. G., who lives near Castlebar in the County of Mayo, is the head of one of the most respectable branches of this family. His ancestor removed to the County of Mayo, with O'More, about 1740.

Feara Ceall ag déanaṁ nóir,
Is cúis masla agus mionóis!
Gnáṫ feannaḋ ag Fearaiḃ Ceall,
Ar ṫeallaiḃ gaċa h-abann.

Muintir Ghranaird ġainn-ċille,
Dream gan ioċt, gan ḟírinne;
Cuideaċta iotṁar, gan iṁ,
Truideaċta ioċtair ifrinn!!

Cuid Ullaḋ.

Do ḃéarfainn 'sgan dul d'a ṫoiġ,
D'iarraiḋ airgid, no ealloiġ;
Go d-tí an ḟairge ar fad Bhanḃa,
Cairde do Mhac Mhaṫġaṁna!

An teaċ díola naċ díol daṁ,
'S an teaċ ioṁċair, gan ioṁċar;
Ein-neach na téid a d-tarḃa,
Do ḟen-teach Mheg Mhaṫġaṁna.

Feara Ceall, i.e., the men of the Churches. These were the O'Molloy's of Kinel Fiachach, whose territory comprised the baronies of Fircall, Ballycowen, and Ballyboy, in the King's County. They took their hereditary surname of O'Maoilmhuaidh, from Maolmhuaidh, chief of Feara-Ceall, who was slain by O'Carraidh in the year 1019. See *Annals of Kilronan;* also *Leabhar-na-g-Ceart* p. 179. *n.*

[2] *Flaying,* feannaḋ, whether this may mean scolding. Some have understood this totally different, as follows:—

> The Feara-Ceall churning newmilk [nós .i. nas, i.e., newmilk,]
> It is a cause of scandal and disgrace,
> The Feara Ceall flay their cattle,
> On the banks of each river.

Daniel Molloy, Esq., of Clonbela, near Birr, in the King's County, is *locally* believed, to be the head of this family.

[3] *The family of Granard,* i.e., the Sheridans, who were Herenachs,

The Feara-Ceall[1] celebrating customs!
It is a cause of scandal and disgrace;
The Feara-Ceall are usually flaying,[2]
On the banks of each river.

The family of Granard,[3] of the narrow church,
A people without clemency, without truth;
A thirsty tribe, without butter,
Dregs of the bottom of hell!

THE PART WHICH RELATES TO ULSTER.

I would rather than visit his house,
To ask for silver, or cattle;
Travel to the sea along Banbha [Ireland],
To give respite to Mac Mahon.[4]

The house of payment which paid not me,
And the house that sustains without a burthen;
If any one choose to have luck,
He will shun the old house of Mac Mahon.

or hereditary wardens of the Church of Granard, in the County of Longford, and Comharbas of St. Guasacht, who was bishop of the place in St. Patrick's time. His festival is celebrated on the twenty-fourth of January.

[4] *Mac Mahon* (Mac Maṫġaṁna), i.e., Mahon of Oirghialla or Oriel, which at this period comprised the entire of the County of Monaghan. Aenghus O'Daly was not the only person employed to satirize this family in the reign of Elizabeth. Campion who wrote in 1567, says, that Mac Mahon signifies the *Bear's son;* and Spenser who wrote in 1596, says, that the Mac Mahons of the north were descended from the Fitz-Ursulas or De-Veres, who fled from England during the Barons' wars against Richard II. To which Sir Charles Coote adds, in his *Statistical Account of the County of Monaghan*, that their ancestor had murdered St. Thomas A Becket! For their true descent, viz. from *Mathghamhain*, Lord of Farney, who was slain at Clones, A.D. 1022, see Shirley's *Account of the Dominion of Farney*, p. 140.

Sraiḋeog Ċluana tiorma tiobraiḋ,
D'aon neaċ 'na ċorp beag a bríġ;
Beag a h-ionaḋ ar ċúl leice,
'S do ḃearaḋ cuil 'na h-eite í.

Druim sneaċta an baile bog,
Gan airċinneaċ,—gan easbog,—
Gan aċt dá ċairneaċ 'san g-Cill,
Ar ṡráiḋ imleaṫain, isill.

Do ṡluigfeaḋ an ċuil d'aon-ġreim uaim,
Gan an-ṡocair,—gan anḃuain,—
Sreaḃan a's im ar a ṁuin,
A g-Cill Ui Dhunáin Doṁnaiġ.

Ċugaiḃ! Ċugaiḃ! díol na truaiġe!
Déanaiḋ an uair-si féil na marḃ;
O'Raġallaiġ an seanóir suaiḋte,
'S a ċlann ḋearóil, ḃrúiḋte, balḃ.

Síol Saṁraḋáin na m-buailteaḋ beag,
A's iad uile ar ḃeagán bíḋ;
Dream le'r binn ceol na cuile!
Seamar a m-beol gaċ duine ḋíoḃ.

[1] *Cluain Tiobraid*, i.e., the lawn or meadow of the spring; now Clontobred or Clontibret, in the barony of Cremorne, and County of Monaghan. This was one of the Herenach churches of Mac Mahon's Country. The patron Saint of the Church was Cruimhthear Ar, whose festival was kept on the thirteenth of June.

[2] *Behind a flag* (ar cúl leice). It was customary with the peasantry to use a flag-stone for a griddle, which they fixed behind the fire to bake their cake-bread upon. To this custom Aenghus here alludes.

[3] *Druim Sneachta*, i.e., the ridge or long hill of the snow, now Drumsneaght or Drumsnat, in the same County. This was one of the poorest Churches of Mac Mahon's Country. Every rich Church had an Archinneach. The patron of the Church was the celebrated St. Molua, whose festival is celebrated on the fourth of August. The MS. called *Cinn Droma Sneachta* (the Book of Drumsnat), quoted by Keating and some older Irish writers, is supposed to have belonged to this Church.

[4] *O'Dunan's Church of Donagh.* O'Dunan was Herenach of the Church of Donagh in the barony of Truogh, County of Monaghan. It is in the territory of the Mac Kennas, who were Urries to the Mac Mahons. St. Patrick is the patron. See *Annals of the Four Masters, Ed.* J. O'D., A. D. 1507.

[5] *O'Reilly.* He was Edmond O'Reilly of Kilnacrott, who died at a very advanced age in the year 1601. See *Annals of the Four*

The cake of dry Cluain-tiobraid,[1]
In any one's body is of little strength;
Small is its place behind a flag,[2]
And a fly would carry it under its wing.

Druim-Sneachta,[3] the soft town,
Without a herenach,—without a bishop,—
Having but two priests in the church,
On a broad, low, street.

A fly would swallow in one morsel,
Without difficulty,—without trouble,—
The thin cake with its butter on its back,
Which I got at O'Dunan's Church of Donagh.[4]

Here comes! Here comes! Misery's personification!
Celebrate now the festival of the dead!
O'Reilly,[5] the decrepid senior,
And his puny, stunted, stammering sons!

The race of Samhradhan[6] of small Boolies[7] [dairies],
And they all with little food;
A horde to whom the music of the fly is sweet;
A shamrock[8] is in the mouth of every one of them.

Masters, Ed. J. O'D., A.D. 1583, p. 1806, note *; and A. D. 1601, p. 2244.

Myles John O'Reilly, Esq., of the Heath House, Queen's County, is now the representative of this old Edmond, and one would think that it was of him our author was *here speaking*, fear fo-ṫana ro ċréig a smior.* Another descendant from him, by the father's and mother's side, is Myles William O'Reilly of Knock Abbey, County of Louth, who also inherits his meagreness and smallness of stature, as does another hard-featured specimen of his race, Dowell O'Reilly, Esq., Attorney-General in Jamaica. Of his race also is Count O'Reilly of the Island of Cuba, and John Temple Reilly, son of the late collector of the port of Galway, who was the head of the O'Reillys of Scarva, in the County of Down.

[6] *The race of Samhradhan*, i.e., the Meg-Samhradhain or Magaurans of the territory of Teallach-Eathach, now Tullyhaw, in the County of Cavan. Before 1585, this territory paid tribute to Sir John O'Reilly, but, at a more remote period, Magauran had been tributary to O'Rourke, and was considered as belonging to West Breifne and the province of Connacht.

[7] *Boolies*. See Spenser's *View of the State of Ireland*, Dublin Edition, p. 82.

[8] *A Shamrock*. See the quotation from Campion *infrà*, p. 52.

* "A beautiful Bust of Myles O'Reilly by Kirk, *rather hard*, but not so hard altogether as Myles himself!" *The Comet.*

Taoḃ ó ṫuaiḋ do Loċ Sileann,
Bíd gan aoin-ġreim 'san t-saṁraiḋ;
Le teaċt bainne na n-gaḃar,
Do gníd fogail ar ṡeamraiḃ.

Caoċ an inġean—caoċ an ṁáṫair,
Caoċ an t-aṫair—caoċ an mac;
Caoċ an capall ḃíos fá'n t-sraṫair,
Leaṫ-ċaoċ an ċú—caoċ an cat.

Brioc ar ġairbe a's ar glaise,
Ar an ṁéid a's ar ṁío-ṁaise;
Gliomaċ ar ġéire a dá súl—
Sionnaċ ar ḃréine an Barún!

Pota beag a n-gar d'a glúin,
Mian do ṁianaiḃ an Bharúin;
Dóirse dúnta ar ḃeagán bíḋ,
A n-aigéin Ċúirte an Chluainín.

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Mar leanaid síol Neaṁnainn,
Tre ṁairb-linn lorg na laċain;
Leanaid Mánaiġ an t-arán,
Tre ṗoll-ballain na sraċraċ.

[1] *To the north of Loch Sileann,* i.e., of Loch Sheelan, a spacious lake on the borders of the Counties of Meath, Longford, and Cavan. The people here referred to are the Mac Tighearnains, now Mac Kernans or Kernans, of the territory of Teallach Dunchadha, now Tullyhunco in the County of Cavan. Before 1585, this barony also paid tribute to Sir John O'Reilly, but at an earlier period it had belonged to O'Rourke, and was considered a part of Connacht.

[2] *Depredation on shamrocks.* Campion who wrote in 1567, says of the meere Irish: "Shamrotes [i.e., shamroges], Water-cresses, Rootes, and other hearbes they feed upon: Oatemale and Butter they cramme together. They Drinke Whey, Milke and Beefe broth, Flesh they devour without bread; corne such as they have they keepe for their horses. In haste and hunger they squese out the blood of raw flesh and aske no more dressing thereto, the rest boyleth in their stomackes with Aquavitæ which they swill in after such a surfeite, by quarts and pottles. Their kyne they let blood which growne to a jelly they bake and overspread with Butter, and so eate it in lumpes." *Historie of Ireland*, Dub. Ed. p. 25.

[3] *The Baron,* i.e., Conor Maguire of Enniskillen, who was called

To the north side of Loch Sileann,[1]
They are without any bit [of food] in summer;
But when the milk of the goats comes on,
They commit a depredation on shamrocks.[2]

Blind is the daughter—blind the mother,
Blind the father—blind the son;
Blind the horse which is under the straddle,
Half-blind the hound—blind the cat.

A badger in roughness and in greyness,
An ape in size and ugliness;
A lobster for the sharpness of both his eyes,
A fox for his stench is the Baron![3]

To have a small pot near his knee,
Is one of the habits of the Baron;
The doors are closed on little food,
In the depths of the Court of Cluainin.[4]

* * * * * *
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As the Nemon-seed[5] is pursued,
By the ducks through the stagnant pool,
So the Managhs[6] pursue the bread,
Through the pin-hole of the straddle.

Mag-Uiḋir Gallda, i.e., the "English Maguire," and also "the Baron," by the Irish, before he had actually received this title from the state.

4 *Cluainin.* i.e., a small lawn, holm or meadow. This was the name of a strong stone house belonging to the "English Maguire" (Conor, son of Conor, son of Conor Mor, son of Thomas Oge), and situated near Lisnaskea in Fermanagh.

5 *The Nemon-seed,* i.e., duck-meat, which grows on the surface of stagnant waters without a root. This quatrain has its words too much transposed. It could be arranged thus:—

Mar leanaid trê gaċ mairb-linn,
Na laċain ar lorg sil Neaimnainn;
Leanaid Manaiġ sliocht arain,
Trê ṗoll tarraċair no ballain.

As through every stagnant pool
The ducks pursue the duck-meat,
So the Fermanagh men follow the track of bread,
Through the hole of an auger or gimlet.

6 *Managhs,* i.e., the inhabitants of Fermanagh, who were all tributary to Maguire.

Doire Brosgaiḋ nár beannuiġ Dia!
Tá'n ġorta riaṁ ar gor 'san g-Cill;
Sraideog ċana mar lainn éisg,
'S mar ug loin ar ṁéis do ġeibinn.

Dá n-aorainn Clann Dálaiġ,
Níor ḋíon dam síol sean-Aḋaiṁ;
Clann Dálaiġ ba ḋíon daṁ,
Agus síol sean-Aḋaiṁ d'aoraḋ.

Tusa do ċur ór a g-cionn,
Ní béim ar ḟearaib Eirionn;
Dual mion-tsroċa do ċriall go muir,
A scuaiġ ḟinn Locha Feabail.

Dob' olc mo ċuras sa'n Noḋlaig,
Go tiġ Ui Dhoċartaiġ na h-Innse;
* * * * * *

A b-fuaras do braċán innte.

[1] *Derryhrush.* (Doire-brosgaiḋ.) This is the present name of a celebrated Church near Enniskillen in the County of Fermanagh, of which the family of MacGillachoisgle (now Cosgrove), were Herenachs or hereditary wardens. See *Annals of the Four Masters,* under, the name of *Aireach Brosga,* at the years 1384, 1482, 1484, 1487, 1506, and 1514. In the *Annals of Ulster,* which were compiled in Fermanagh, it is called by both names, from which it might be inferred that the words *Doire* and *Aireach,* are synonymous, meaning *roboretum,* a place of oaks.

[2] *Clann Dalaigh,* i.e., the race of Dalach son of Muircheartach. This was the tribe-name of the O'Donnells of Tirconnell, at this time the most powerful family in Ireland. The Dalach from whom they derived their tribe-name was chief of Tirconnell, and was slain in the year 868. The Dalach from whom the O'Dalys (the poets) descend, was of Corca Adhaimh or *Race of Adam,* in Westmeath, and descended from Maine the brother of Conall Gulban, ancestor of the O'Donnells. See the *Introduction.* The poet may have intended an equivocation here; for his own family, the poetical O'Dalys, were the Corca or Siol Adhaimh, i.e., Race of Adam!

[3] *Small streams,* i.e., as small streams flow into the sea, so small chieftains flock to thy standard and acknowledge thy superiority.

[4] *Hero of Loch Feabhail,* i.e., of Lough Foyle near Derry. This hero was the celebrated Hugh Roe or Red Hugh O'Donnell, who was treacherously taken prisoner by the Lord Deputy Perrot, in the year 1587, when he was in the sixteenth year of his age. He escaped from the Castle of Dublin in 1590, and was re-taken the same year and confined in Dublin Castle again, whence he escaped a second time in 1592, in which year he was inaugurated O'Donnell. He fled to Spain after the defeat at Kinsale in 1602, and died the same year. "He was a lion in strength, a Cæsar in command." See his character blazoned in the *Annals of the Four Masters,* A. D. 1602, p. 2297.

At Doire-Brosgaidh,[1] which God has not blessed
Starvation is ever hatching in the Church;
A thin cake like the fins of a fish,
And like the egg of a blackbird I got on a dish.

Should I satirize the Clann Dalaigh,[2]
The race of Adam would not be a shelter to me;
The Clann Dalaigh would be a shelter to me,
Were I to satirize the race of old Adam.

To place you over their heads,
Is no disgrace to the men of Eirin;
Small streams[3] naturally flow to the sea,
O fair hero of Loch Feabhail,[4]

Sad was my visit at Christmas,
To the house of O'Dogherty[5] of the Island;
* * * * * *
Was the porridge I got there.

The race of this Hugh are extinct, if he left any. The Count De Lucena of Spain, late Captain General of Cuba, Count O'Donnell of Austria, and Manus O'Donnell of Castlebar, Esq., descend from Con Oge, the brother of Niall Garbh O'Donnell, Baron of Lifford.

[5] *O'Dogherty of the Island*, i.e., O'Dogherty of the island of Inch in the barony of Inishowen, County of Donegal. This was either Sir John O'Dogherty (son of John, son of Feilim), chief of Inishowen, or his son, Sir Cahir, who was knighted by Lord Mountjoy for his bravery in fighting against the Earl of Tyrone and his followers; but who rebelled himself in 1608, after the flight of the Earls, and lost his life in a hopeless struggle. Aenghus was afraid of the Clann Dalaigh, but not, it appears, of the kindred race of the Clann Fiamain or O'Doghertys.

The Island here referred to, is Inch, in Lough Swilly, on which O'Dogherty had a strong Castle. The cause of Sir Cahir O'Dogherty's rebellion is thus briefly explained by Sir Henry Docwra, in his *Narration of Services*, published by the Celtic Society, in their *Miscellany*:—

"Presentlie after him (Roory O'Donnell) came O'Doghertie alsoe with a lettre from my Lord [Mountjoy] to mee, to pray me to deliver him the possession of the Ile of Inch againe! which hee himselfe had past away before, first by lease for xxi. yeares, and afterwardes in fee simple for ever, both under the greate seale!! I tould him this warrant was too weak to doe what it imported, and shewed him reasons for it............Hereuppon hee tooke it more to hearte, sent agents to deale for him in England, they prevayled not till my Lord was deade, and then with impatience led away with lewd councell besides, and conceiving himselfe to be wronged in many other thinges, hee was first brooke out into open Rebellion; but that fell out a good while after," pp. 278, 279.

A n-aorad ní doiliġ daṁ,
Ó duine liaṫ go leanaḃ;
Caṫanaiġ na g-céimeann lag,
Sgraṫanaig Eireann aorfad.

Ni ḃ-fuar do loċt ar Oireaċt-Aiḃne,
Aċt gan aon neaċ ann do riarfadaois;
Ni raċaid ċoiḋċe gan taoḃ toga,
Go taoḃ réid 'na roga a ris!!

Arán tana an Disirt,
Is iseal é, 's is anḃfann;
Dá m-ba ionann cuma ḋóiḃ,
Dar n-dóiċ ba ṫruime an aḃlann.

[1] *The Cahans*, i.e., the O'Kanes of Oireacht-Ui-Chathain, situate between the Foyle and the Bann in the County of Londonderry. Sgraṫanaig Eireań, is here a great calumny; and the next quatrain was evidently interpolated by Aenghus himself, or some other bard, to take the sting out of it. The O'Kanes were called Oireacht-Aibhne, from Aibhne (son of Diarmaid, son of Cumhaighe na-Coille), who flourished A.D. 1432, and was the progenitor of nearly all the subsequent chiefs of this family. The chief at this period was Donnell Ballagh, son of Rory, son of Manus, son of Donough the Hospitable, son of John, son of Aibhne or Evenue, a quo Oireacht-Aibhne, a tribe-name by which the chief families of the O'Kanes were at this period designated. He was inaugurated in the year 1598. Fynes Moryson tells a story of the chief of this family, from which it is clear, that the Bard Ruadh was not the only satirist who attacked him. A Bohemian Baron called at the court at Dublin Castle, and said, among other things, that he had visited the Castle of O'Cane, in the North of Ireland, where he was admitted to see that chieftain's daughters, two of whom were very nymphs in beauty, and who were sitting round a fire *stark naked*. They bid him sit down on the ground and form one of the company, which he refused to do. Soon after, O'Cane their father, returned from hunting, and addressing the stranger in the Latin language, desired him to take off his clothes and rest. The only covering the chief had on was a large cloak, which he took off on entering the castle, and then he too being *stark naked*, sat down at the fire along with his daughters. It is curious to remark with what intense determination the English Government at this period turned all their force of cannon, muskets, treachery and satire, to overthrow "the wilde Irishrie" and "to extirpe the Geraldines."

Sir Richard Keane of Cappoquin in the County of Waterford, is of this Northern race; his grandfather who was an Ulsterman, was an Attorney in Waterford. Sir Robert Kane of Dublin, the celebrated chemist. is also of this race. His great-grandfather who was a native of the Vale of the Roe, removed thence to Meath, and his family ultimately became chemists, and manufacturers of Soda and Oil of Vitriol, in the City of Dublin. There are various families of the name in the original territory, but none higher than the rank of

To satirize them is not difficult for me,
From the hoary-headed man to the child,
The O'Cahans[1] of the ignoble deeds,—
Eirin's idlers—I will satirize.

I found no fault with Oireacht-Aibhne,
But that they had none to entertain;
They will never move without chosing their side,
And the easy side will be their choice again.[2]

The thin bread of Disert,[3]
Is slim indeed and paltry;
Were it and the wafer of the same shape,
Indeed the wafer[4] would be heavier!

farmers, except those in holy orders. The Rev. Manus, or Manasses O'Kane, P.P. of Omagh, who is a native of Oireacht-Ui-Chathain, is the finest specimen of the race living, except Dr. Cane of Kilkenny; and William Kane, who headed the Irish at the battle of Carrickshock, slaughtered the police, and fled to America.

[2] *Their choice again*, i.e., they never join any party until they see which is likely to be the victors, and whenever they happen to be mistaken, they hesitate not to return to the *easy* and successful side!! Lord Mountjoy, in reply to Sir Henry Docwra, who pleaded in favour of O'Kane, in 1602, observed of the latter (*Miscellany of the Celtic Society*, p. 277): "Hee is but a drunken ffellowe, saith hee, and soe base, that I doe not thinke but in the secreete of his heart, it will better content him to be so than otherwise; besides hee is able neither to doe good or hurte &c., &c., But, howsoever, By God, sayeth hee, O'Cane must and shall be under my Lord Tyrone.

"In the meane time, my Lord Hugh (the Earle of Tyrone's eldest sonne) and I went home together, and when wee came to the Derrey I sent for O'Cane, and tould him what my Lord's [Mountjoy's] pleasure was touching him: Hee beganne presentlie to bee moved, and both by speach and gesture, declared as earnestlie as possible to be highlie offended at it, argued the matter with mee upon many pointes, protested his fidelitie......that he was now undone......shewed many reasons for it, and asked *if we would* claim him hereafter, if hee followed my Lord of Tyrone's Councell though it were against the kinge, seeing he was in this manner forced to be under him. In the end seeing no remedie, he shaked handes with my Lord Hugh; bad the devill take all Englishmen, and as many as put their trust in them, and soe in the shewe of a good reconciled friendship they went away together."

[3] *Disert.* There are many Churches of this name in Ireland; but the one here referred to is unquestionably Dıꞅeaꞃꞇ Uı Ꞇuaṫġaıl, i.e. O'Tuohill's Desert, now Desert-toghill, in Oireacht-Ui-Chathain, in the barony of Coleraine, and County of Londonderry. The last Herenach of this Church was Rory Mor O'Tuohill.

[4] *Wafer.* The word ablann in the text denotes the wafer after

Mo aoiḃeaċt a g-Cill Riaġa,
Dearcain dona droiċ-ḃliaḋna;
Mar ḋuilleabar droiġinn ar lár,
Bairġean tirim Ui Ḋhiomain.

O'Cróiliġe beag na g-ciab g-cas,
Fear naċ dearna riaṁ a leas;
Aġaiḋ an duine ar a ḃraġaid,
Ag tarraing a ċaire ar éigin as.

Boiċ Ṁéiḋbe! Boiċ Ṁéiḋbe!
Boiċ ḃeag tá a naice an t-sléiḃe;
Boiċ a d-tóṁairsear an ċáiṫ ċoirce,
Boiċ na gorta, Boiċ Ṁéiḋbe!

A ċuil beag úd ar ḃun na gaible,
D'a m-b'eol duit déanaṁ fuadaċ;
Bhéarfá mo ċuid arán a's ime,
Ċois na Finne leat go suaraċ.

Muintir Eaġra,—buailte beaga,
Finne iad nár ċosain cliu;
Is é is ceol doiḃ ceol na cuile,
Ampall a m-beol gaċ duine díu.

consecration as used by the priest at mass. It is thus defined by Dr. O'Brien, in his *Irish Dictionary*, "ABHLANN, a wafer; *abhlann choisreicthe*, the [consecrated] Host, or Eucharist." However, we are not to infer that the poet speaks of it here irreverently, or after its consecration, but before it, when it is no more than any other bread; and he could not perhaps introduce a more fitting comparison with the *thin cake of Disert*.

[1] *Kilrea*, Cill Riaġa, an ancient Church near the little town to which it gave name, in the north of the barony of Loughinsholin, County of Londonderry. The family of O'Diomain, now Diamond, who were hereditary Herenachs of this Church, are still very numerous in this neighbourhood.

[2] *Acorns* "dearcain .i. dar-ċnu .i. cnu na daraċ [the nuts of the oak]." *Cormac's Glossary*.

[3] *O'Crilly*. He was Herenach of the Church of Tamblacht-Ui-Chroiligh, now Tamlaghtocrilly, situated a short distance to the south of Kilrea in the same barony. This family is also very numerous in this neighbourhood. They think that O'Cruaḋlaoiċ, O'Crowley, is the true form of the name, and that O'Crilly is a corruption; but if this be true, the name was corrupted at an early period, as it is found written O'Creiliġ in old Irish MSS.

My fare at Kilrea[1]
Was the wretched acorns[2] of a bad year;
Like the leaves of the blackthorn on the ground,
Is the dry-cake of O'Diomain.

The little O'Crilly[3] of the curly locks,
Is a wight who never acted to have good luck;
The face of this fellow is on his neck,
Carrying off his pot with difficulty.

Bovevagh! Bovevagh![4]
A little hut that is beside the mountain;
A hut in which the oaten chaff is measured,
Hut of hunger is the hut of Mevagh.

O little fly which yonder rest on the rafter's end,
If you but knew how to make plunders;
You might bear off my supper of bread and butter,
Along the Finn[5] with facility.

The families of O'Hara,[6] of small Booleys,
A tribe that never earned fame;
Their music is the humming of the fly,
And the grumbling[7] of penury in each man's mouth.

[4] *Boith Mheidhbhe,* now Bovevagh, an old church near Dungiven, in the barony of Keenaght, and County of Londonderry. These lines are still repeated at this church, and remembered by the local shanachies as the composition of the Bard Ruadh from Munster. The name *Boith Mheidhbhe,* signifies Meave's, or Mabbina's hut, on which the Bard raises such playful rhymes. St. Aidan, the nephew of St. Patrick, was abbot of it. See Colgan's *Trias Thaum.,* p. 495. The O'Quiglys were the Herenachs of this Church.

[5] *Along the Finn,* i.e., His bread and butter at Bovevagh were so light that the fly might carry it off even to the river Finn, in Tirconnell, without being wearied of its burden.

[6] *O'Hara.* He was O'Hara of Crebilly, in Dal Riada, in the County of Antrim. This family is a branch of the O'Haras of Leyny, in the County of Sligo, and descends from Hugh, the brother of Conor Gott O'Hara, Lord of Leyny, who died in the year 1231. This branch removed to Dal Riada with the Red Earl of Ulster, who died in 1326. This family is now extinct in the male line.

[7] *Grumbling.* This music was not as sweet as even the humming of the beetle. "Is fearr suiḋe 'na bun ina suiḋe 'na ait," and "nar ċugaiḋ Dia dúinn sib," were the usual exclamations of this kind of people.

Tiġ fada fairsinġ ar lar bealaiġ,
'S gan saiṫ seangain ann do ḃiaḋ;
Cúraḋ a ċroiḋe ar an g-ceaṫarnaċ ġortaċ,
Naċ dearna tiġ trom-ḟlaite ar ṡliaḃ.

Cinel Fhaġartaiġ na fir,
Fuiġeall easgaine a's éiċiġ;
Fir ṁóra, ṁaoṫa, ṁeata,
Ċaoċa, ċama, ċois-ḃreaca.

Ard Ulaḋ gann, gortaċ,
Tir gan aoiḃneas, gan aifreann;
Mac an t-Sabaoisiġ an ċroċaire Gaill,
Fear casgairt bairneaċ le h-aircinn.

Ni fada go d-triallaim tar traiġ,
Do'n ait ionna ḃ-faġṫar fion;
D'ḟios na n-óg nach raiḃe riaṁ,
Gan inian d'ḟaire na ród ríoġ.

[1] *On a mountain*, so as not to be so accessible to the Bards, Jesters, Minstrels, Caroogh, Geocaghs, and other Strollers, as it is now, being built on the side of the highway.

[2] *Cinel Fhaghartaigh*, i.e., Race of Faghartach. This was the tribe-name of the Mac Artans of the barony of Kinelarty, on the west side of Loch Cuan, in the County of Down. They derived their tribe-name from Faghartach, son of Mongan, son of Saran of the race of Rossa, king of Ulster. From Artan the grandson of this Faghartach, they took their hereditary surname of Mac Artain, in the tenth century. See *Leabhar-na-g-Ceart*, p. 206, *n.*

[3] *Ard Uladh*, now the Ardes, two baronies in the east of the County of Down, and lying principally between Loch Cuan and the sea. This was the ancient country of Mac Gillamuire, now Gilmore; but for some centuries previously to Aenghus's time it had belonged to the Savages, a family of Anglo-Norman descent. Ware has the following strange passages about these two rival families in his *Annals of Ireland*, at the years 1407, 1408.

A. D. 1407, "A certain false fellow, an Irishman, named [Hugh] Mac Adam Mac Gilmore, that had caused forty churches to be destroyed; who was never baptized, and therefore was called *Corbi*, took Patrick Savage prisoner, and received for his ransom two thousand marks, and afterwards slew him together with his brother Richard."

A. D. 1408, "This year Hugh Mac Gilmore was slain at Carrickfergus, within the church of the Fryars minors, which church he had before destroyed, and broke down the Glass windows, to have

A long wide house on the middle of the highway,
And not enough for a pismire there of food;
Heart-ache to the hungry kerne,
That did not build a crib-house of rods on a mountain.[1]

The Cinel-Fhaghartaigh[2] are the men!
Remnants of curses and lies,
Large, soft, dastardly men,
Blind, crooked, shin-burnt.

Ard-Uladh[3] destitute, starving,
A district without delight,—without mass,—
Where the son of Savage, the English hangman,[4]
Slaughters barnacles with a mallet!

It will not be long ere I cross the strand,
To the place where wine is got;
To visit the youths who never were,
Without a desire to watch the king's roads.[5]

the iron bars, through which his Enemies, the Savages, entred upon him."

[4] *The English hangman.* This was intended to have its effect among people of Milesian Irish feeling. Cox, in his address to the reader, after remarking that the old Irish wished to murder all the Anglo-Irish, writes:—"However, the secret of this design was not divulged, until O'Neale, in his Triumphs to Munster blab'd it out; for being told that Barrett of Castlemore, though an Englishman, was a good Catholic, and had been there four hundred years, he replied that he 'hated the Clown as if he had come but yesterday.' Since that we have many more instances of it; and that this antipathy, has extended itself even to English cattle and improvements. It was another O'Neale who said, it did not become him to writhe his mouth to chatter English; and that executed a solder because he had English bisket in his pocket."

[5] *The king's high road,* i. e., to rob the passengers if they were gentlemen or merchants. These were evidently the Magennises of Dundrum, in the County of Down. Dundrum was famous for wine. Here Shane O'Neale had at one time two hundred tun of wine in his cellar, "whereof and of usquebaugh he would drink to that excess that to cool himself he would be put into a pit, and the earth cast round him to his chin, and so he remained, as it were, buried alive till his body was in better temper." It would be very difficult to get Aenghus O'Daly to satirize such conduct as this, which to him would seem all right.

O'h-Anluain a d-tiġ an Ṁullaiġ,
B'olc a ċulaiṫ ar a beiṫ ann;
Ceaṫraṁ spideóige aige ar ṫeiniḋ,
A's fir Oirṫear uile d'a ċreim!

Beagán bainne a mórnán maoiḋteaċ,
Beagán bláṫaiġe a g-cuaċán cam;
Beagán aráin le cois balla,
A's nead ag an duban-allaiḋ ann.

Mac Canna an Dunáin doinn,
Na samail duine le Doṁnall;
An t-aball 's a bláṫ d'a braṫ,
'S ní tuirseaċ caċ d'a ċnuasaċ.

Beir mo beannaċt tar Banna,
Mar a b-fuil Mac Canna, ceann na g-cliar;
Deacair dúinne gan a ḟaoraḋ,
Fear nár daoraḋ roṁainn riaṁ.

[1] *O'Hanlon.* O'h-Anluain. He was chief of the eastern portion of Oirghialla, called Crioch-na-n-Airthear, i.e., *regio Orientalium,* a name which is still retained in the baronies of Orior, in the east of the County of Armagh. O'Hanlon was hereditary royal standard-bearer of Ireland, to north of the Boyne, an office claimed by and ceded to the late Col. O'Hanlon, when king George the Fourth visited Ireland, in 1821. The head of this family in our author's time was Sir Eochy O'Hanlon of Tandragee, who, though knighted, was considered so Irish, that the poet Spenser, in speaking of some great houses of the English in Ireland, who had so degenerated from their ancient dignities, "and are now growne as Irish, as O-hanlon's breech [coṁ Gaeḋlaċ le tóin Uí Anluain], as the proverb there is." *View of the State of Ireland,* Dublin Edition, p. 110. And in the reign of James II., the family was headed by Brian O'Hanlon, traditionally called "the Colonel," who was the son of Glaisne, son of Patrick Bane, son of Edmond Laidir, son of Eochy, who was attainted by Act of Parliament as "Oghie Oge O'Hanlon, Esquire, eldest son of Sir Oghie O'Hanlon, knight, late of Tonregye, in the County of Armagh." There are many respectable gentlemen of the name still in Ireland, but their pedigrees have not been traced.

[2] *Mullagh,* i. e. the summit or hill-top. This was the name of O'Hanlon's house at Mullagh, near Forkhill, in the County of Armagh. He had another house at Mullaghglass, in the parish of Killevy, in the same barony.

O'Hanlon[1] at the house of Mullagh,[2]
Whose suit of clothes was wretched when there,
Had a quarter of a red-breast on a fire,
And the men of Orior[3] all to devour it!

A little milk in a leaky noggin,
A little buttermilk in a crooked cup;—
A little bread close to the wall,
And the spider having his nest therein.

Mac Cann[4] of the dun mansion![5]
Compare no one to Donnell;
The apple tree[6] and its blossom betray him;[7]
And all are not tired of his accumulation.

Bear my blessing across the Bann,[8]
Where dwells Mac Cann, head of the hosts,
It is hard for us not to free him,
A man who was never condemned before us.

[3] *Men of Orior*, i. e., the inhabitants of Crioch-na-n-Airther, *regionis Orientalium*, or the baronies of Orior, in the east of the County of Armagh.

[4] *Mac Cann*, Mac Canna, a family of the race of Rochadh, son of Colla Da Chrioch, chief of Clann-Breasail (Clanbrazil), which is shown on an old map of Ulster of the same age with this poem, as on the south side of Lough Neagh, where the upper Bann enters that lake. It was coextensive with the barony of Oneilland-East. The late Major Mac Cann of the County of Louth, was the head of this family. There are various wealthy and highly respectable gentlemen of the name in various parts of Leinster and Ulster, but their pedigrees have not been preserved.

[5] *Dun mansion*, Dunan Duinn, Mac Cann's residence was situated close to Lough Neagh, in the barony of Oneilland-East, on the east side of the upper Bann, where that river enters the Lough.

[6] *The apple tree*, an abaill, fem., signifies the apple tree, an t-aball, *masc.*, the apple or fruit of the apple tree.

[7] *Betray him*, i.e., the want of fertility in the apple tree in his territory shows that he is not worthy of being a chieftain. See *Battle of Magh Rath*, pp. 100, 101.

[8] *The Bann*, Donnell Mac Cann, chief of his sept in our author's time, lived on the east side of the upper Bann, near where that river enters Lough Neagh. This quatrain is not satirical, and was evidently interpolated to take the sting out of the preceding quatrain.

Cuid na Muṁan do'n Aoir.

Go crioċ Róisteaċ na ród n-glan,
Rainig mé (móido an mearḃal);
Is feirrde mé naċ n-iṫim im;
Da n-iosainn é ni ḃ-faġainn.

Dun Baoi na sean-ḟion searḃ,
Molaid amadain Eireann;
'Na'n Dun Baoi sin, do ḃéar geall,
Gur céad aoiḃne ifreann!

Tri h-aḋḃair fa'r ṡeaċain mé,
Dúṫaiḋ Ḃeanntraiḋe a's Béara;
Cróin-ṁill boga gan blas,
Cuiḃreann fada agus anglais.

Blaḋmann fuarar mar ḃeaṫa,
A Murgraiḋe ṁóir Mhic Diarmada;
Gur ṡeirg mo ċli do'n tart
Go roċtain go Bailo an Ċolaiġ.

[1] *Roche's Country*, a beautiful territory in the north of the County of Cork, now comprised in the barony of Fermoy. Before the English invasion this delightful district belonged to the O'Dugans, the descendants of the Druid Moghruith, but early in the thirteenth century they were dispossessed by the Roches and Condons. See O'Flaherty's *Ogygia*, part III., c. 69.

[2] *Dun Baoi*, now Dunboy in Bantry. This was a place of great strength at the period to which this poem refers, and the principal stronghold of O'Sullivan Beare; but there is no vestige of it remaining at the present day. Soon after it sustained a siege that made it a hell indeed! It was besieged and stormed by Sir George Carew, Lord President of Munster, with the most unrelenting perseverance, and defended by Richard Mageoghegan and the warders, consisting of one hundred and forty-three fighting men, with a stubborn bravery scarcely paralleled in modern history. At length when the castle was nearly shattered to pieces, Mageoghegan, mortally wounded, retired into a vault, determined to blow up with powder what remained of the castle; and when he perceived the besiegers entering the vault, "he raised himself from the ground, snatching a lighted candle and staggering therewith to a barrel of powder (which for that purpose was unheaded) offering to cast it into the same, but Captain Power caught and held him in his arms until he was, *by our men*, instantly killed." See *Pacata Hibernia*, book III. c. VI, VII. and VIII. As the poetic mind is said to be prophetic, also, this siege may have been the hell fore-shadowed by the prophetic soul of Aenghus na-n-Aer!! The connection between poetry

To Roche's country[1] of the fine roads
I came, (great for that was my mistake);
It is well for me that I eat not butter,
For, if I did, I could not get it.

Dun-Baoi[2] of the bitter old wines,
Which is praised by the fools of Eirin,
Than that Dun-Baoi, I will lay a wager,
That hell is a hundred-times more delightful!

Three reasons why I shunned
The district of Bantry and Bearra,[3]
[*They use*] brown, soft, lumps,[4] without taste,
Long division,[5] and milk-and-water.

Flattery[6] I got for food,
In great Musgraidhe[7] of Mac Diarmada;
So that my chest dried up from thirst
Until I reached Baile-an-Cholaig.[8]

and prophecy has been proved to the satisfaction of all Mesmerists, in a book published at Leipsic, in 1835, by A. Steinbeck, entitled, "*Every poet a prophet;* a treatise on the Essential connection between the poetic spirit and the property of Magnetic lucid vision."

[3] *Bantry and Bearra.* These are two baronies forming the south-west portion of the County of Cork. They were at this time divided between the celebrated Donnell O'Sullivan Beare, and his uncle, Sir Owen O'Sullivan. See the *Miscellany of the Celtic Society,* p. 403.

[4] *Brown soft lumps.* Certainly not rotten lumpers, or potatoes of any kind, but lumps of brown bread, or dumplings.

[5] *Long division,* Cuibreann fada, i.e., the quantity of food brought to table was divided into small rations, there being too many persons to be served in proportion to the quantity of food to be distributed.

[6] *Flattery,* i.e., blarney, or bland talk. This is the earliest notice of the bladmann, or blarney of Munster, we have yet read.

[7] *Musgraidhe,* now Muskerry, a barony in the County of Cork. The chief of this territory was sometimes called Mac Diarmada, as being descended from Diarmaid Mor Mac Carthy, surnamed, of Muskerry, who died in 1368. The chief of the family had his principal residence at Blarney near the City of Cork; though the manor of Blarney is separated from the rest of Muskerry, it being surrounded by the barony of Barretts and the Liberties of Cork.

[8] *Baile-an-cholaig,* now Ballincollig, a castle built on a rock about four miles west from the City of Cork. It was at this period the residence of William Barrett, who submitted to Queen Elizabeth in the year 1600, having been concerned in Desmond's rebellion.

Aiṫne ḋam mar ḃíd na fir,
A n-Dún fír-ṫirim tairḃ;
'Na suiḋe 's a n-drom le claḋ,
Gan ḃiaḋ, gan ḋiġ, gan leabaḋ.

Clann Aṁlaoiḃ cosṁúil re caċ,
Saṁailriġe pláir, sodar naċ suairc;
A n-gleanntaiḃ fraoiċ codlaiḋ do ġnáṫ,
*   *   *   *   *   *

Cáirg ḋam a d-tiġ Ṁic Donnchaḋ,
Ro b'é mo ċara mo ċrios riom ḟáirg;
Ba saṁailt a ḋaoine 'sa ḃ-ḟéarta,
Ṁar ba Aoine an Chéarta an Cháirg!

Ceirt Uí Chaoiṁ ó Chlárac,
Ar ġaoiṫ ní díon an ḃréideaċ;
Gíḋ atá a ċeann 'na ċríonaċ,
Ní gann míola ann gaċ eang d'á éadaċ!

A spideog beag úd ar an g-craoiḃ,
Beagán bíḋ gíḋ d'ḟoġnann duit,
Dá m-beiṫeá oíḋċe a d-tiġ Uí Chaoiṁ,
Do ċuitfeaḋ do ċlí ar do ċruit!

[1] *Dun-tairbh*, i.e., fort of the bull. This is the place now called Dromtarriff, in O'Keeffe's country, in the barony of Duhallow. It was the chief seat of O'Keeffe, in the 17th century. See Smith's *History of Cork*, book I., c. I., note 23.

[2] *Clann-Amhlaoibh*, i.e., the Mac Auliffes of Aes Ealla, whose chief residence was Castle Mac Auliffe, near Newmarket, in the north-west of the barony of Duhallow, in the County of Cork. Mac Auliffe's country comprised all the wild, mountainous, and heathy district lying between Newmarket, and the boundary of the Counties of Limerick and Kerry, where the rivers Feale and Blackwater have their sources. The last chief of this family is traditionally remembered as a poetical prophet. He foretold the granting of Emancipation to the Irish Catholics, and the awful decrease of their number by famine soon after; and also the extinction of his own descendants. The head of this family who had been born to a handsome estate was weigh-master in the market-house at Kenmare in 1840.

[3] *Mac Donough*. This was the name of one of the powerful chieftains of the Mac Carthy family who was seated at Kanturk, in the barony Duhallow, of which barony he was chief lord. He was so wealthy and powerful in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, that he erected at Kanturk a fortress so strong and extensive, that the Lords of the Council in England transmitted an order to Ireland to have the work stopped. See a description of this great fortress in Smith's *History of Cork*, book II., c. VI. There is a good view of it given in Mons. Laine's *Pedigree of the Count Mac Carthy*, p. 67.

I know well how the men are
At the truly dry [thirsty] Dun-tairbh,[1]
Sitting with their backs to a ditch,
Withont food, without drink, without bed.

The Clann-Amhlaoibh[2] are like all the rest,
Roving curs of the unpleasant trot,
In heathy glens they ever sleep;
* * * * * *

At Easter I was in the house of Mac Donough,[3]
He was my friend my girdle he tightened;
His people and feast were such
As if Easter were Good Friday!

The frieze rag of O'Keeffe of Clarach,[4]
Is no shelter against the wind;
Although his head is hoary,
The lice[5] are numerous in every fold of his raiment.

O little robin[6] yonder on the bush,
Though little food would serve your turn,
If you were for a night in O'Keeffe's house,[7]
Your breast would fall to your back!

[4] *O'Keeffe of Clarach.* He does not appear to be the chief of the O'Keeffes. Clarach, or Claragh (Beg and Mor), is the name of a townland near Millstreet in the parish of Drishane, and barony of Duhallow. *Ordnance map,* sheets 38, 39. See *Reliques of Irish Jacobite Poetry,* p. 35; and Hardiman's *Irish Minstrelsy,* vol, II., pp. 140, 141.

[5] *The lice.* The English writers of this period make hard complaint of the lousiness of the Irish. *Fynes Moryson* says, that "you could not get a bed in any inn, even in the town of Cork, without being swarmed with lice." Spenser, in treating of the Irish mantle, speaks of the Irish women thus:—"And as for all other good women which love to doe but little worke, how handsome it [the mantle] is to lye in and sleep, or to *louse* themselfes in the sunshine, they that have beene but a while in Ireland can well witness."—*View of the State of Ireland,* Dublin Edition, p. 89. Campion remarks, that in his own time (1567), the Irish were getting more cleanly in their habits than they had been formerly. "They have now" he says "left off their saffron, *and learne to wash their shirts four or five times in the year.* Proud they are of long crisped glibbs, and doe nourish the same with all their cunning: to crop the front thereof, they take it for a notable piece of villainy." *History of Ireland,* Dublin Ed. p. 25.

[6] *O little robin.* This is rather severe on the part of Aenghus, when he comes to deal with one who had probably been his old lord and master, but they had a falling out.

[7] *O'Keeffe's house.* This was the head O'Keeffe, who at this time

Arán 's gan im d'á ḃaṫaḋ,
'S a lán caiṫe 'na ċreataiġ;
Le ceartain mé ḃeiṫ buiḋeaċ,
Dob' é sin m'aoiḋeaċt 'san g-Ceapaiġ.

Arán agus uisge laċáin,
Mo ċuid a d-tiġ Ui Ċeallaċáin;
Is deacair croiḋe o'n g-cuid sin slán,
'S gur dá ṫiġe an t-uisge 'ná'n t-arán!

Banntraċt ċriċe Ċeallaċáin ar ló,
Sean-ṁná gan lón d'á d-taċaḋ le gréin;
Is seirġṫe seang-ċliaḃaċ a ḃiḋ,
Go h-iċe biḋ a's tar a éis.

O Ṗrútas go Muiġ-Ealla an tráċta,
Do ḃéar a teist mar a tá sí;
Is breáġḋa an tír an tír ar ḟéaċain,
Aċt ní tír biḋ na éadaiġ í.

was Art Oge (son of Art, son of Donnell), who was inaugurated in the year 1583. He had castles at Dromagh on the Blackwater, at Du-Aragil, Dromtarriff and Dromsicane, in the barony of Duhallow. In the reign of James II., Donnell O'Keeffe the head of the family (son of Manus, son of this Art Oge), was slain at Aughrim, and his son Donnell Oge, then in his sixteenth year, went to France at the head of his father's company of foot.

[1] *Ceapach*, now Kippagh, or Cappagh, in the parish of Castlemagnor, close to the Blackwater. This was one of Mac Carthy's houses. See Smith's *Cork*, b. II., c. VI

[2] *O'Callaghan's house*. The principal house of O'Callaghan was Drumneen Castle, on the Blackwater. The territory of Pobble O'Callaghan, comprised the parishes of Kilshannick and Clonmeen, in the barony of Duhallow, and County of Cork. See Harris's Edition of *Ware's Antiquities*, p. 72, and Smith's *History of Cork*, book II., c. VI. In the reign of King James I., O'Callaghan pulled down his old castle at Drumneen, and erected a very stately house on its site; but this mansion was ruined during the wars of the Revolution. Dr. Smith describes the ruins thus:—"The castle bawn is large, and well enclosed with an high stone wall, flanked with round towers; and the whole, though in ruins, from the opposite side of the river, by its lofty situation has still an august appearance." The head of this family was transplanted by Cromwell to the County of Clare, where they became extinct early in the nineteenth century,

Bread without being drowned in butter,
And much chaff in its body;
In order to make me thankful,
This was my fare at Ceapach.[1]

Bread and water from a pool,
Was my supper at O'Callaghan's house;[2]
It is difficult to have heart after such a supper,
The water was twice thicker than the bread!

The women of O'Callaghan's country,
Are old women without store,—basking in the sun;
Withered and slender-bodied they be,
Till eating food—and after it.

From Prughus[3] to the famed Magh Ealla,[4]
I will describe it as it is;
The country is beautiful to be looked at,
But it is not a country of food or raiment.[5]

but some of the junior branches still remain in Clare. In 1750, Cornelius O'Callaghan, Esq., had a good house at Clonmeen, near the parish church. He was the head of a junior branch of this family, not disturbed by Cromwell.

Lord Lismore is the present head of the O'Callaghans, and John Cornelius O'Callaghan (son of John, son of Thomas), author of the *Green Book*, descends from a member of this family who settled in Dublin early in the last century.

[3] *Prughus*, now Prohus, or Pruhust, a small townland situated in the parish of Kilbolane, between Charleville and Tullylease, in the barony of Orrery and Kilmore, and County of Cork. It was at this time the seat of one of the Geraldines. *Ordnance map*, sheet 6. At present it is the seat of Captain W. Evans. There is another place of the same name in the parish of Dromtarriff, barony of Duhallow. *Ordnance map*, sheet 30, 39.

[4] *Magh Ealla*, i.e., the Plain of the Ealla, now the town of Mallow in the County of Cork. From this name it is clear that the name Ealla was anciently applied to that part of the river Blackwater lying between Kanturk, where the modern river Allow (Ealla) ends, and the town of Magh Ealla, or Mallow.

[5] *Food or raiment*, i. e., the country is fertile and beautiful, but the inhabitants are so idle, and ignorant of agriculture and manufactures, that they do not know how to avail themselves of the natural resources of the land to produce food and raiment.

Ag siubal dam ar ġortaiḃ glasa,
O ṁion-Ċhairg go Luġnasa;
Is iomḋa cailleaċ cos-ḃuiḋe a g-ceirt,
Ar fud Orḃraiḋe ag inġeilt.

'S an d-truġ ḋona a d-tárla a stiġ,
A neid cait a g-Cúil-isil;
Ní ḃ-fuaras a h-annlann d'im,
Ablann le h-im da n-iosainn.

Ní ḟuil fearg naċ d-téid ar g-cúl,
Aċt fearg Ċhriost le cloinn Ġhioḃún;
Beag an t-iongnaḋ a m-beiṫ mar tá,
Ag fás a n-olc gaċ aon lá.

O'Ḋonnchaḋa Ġhleanna Fleisge,
Do ḃéar a ṫeirt mar tá sé;
Bireaċ uile ċig de do ġnáċ,
Ar gaċ lá ar feaḋ a ré.

[1] *Orrery*, Orḃraiḋe, a barony in the north of the County of Cork. See Smith's *Cork*, book II., c. VI.

[2] *Grazing*, The reader must here bear in mind that the period at which this satire was written, the land was stricken with famine, for the corn had been intentionally destroyed by the English soldiers. Spenser writes:—" Out of every corner of the woodes and glynnes they came creeping upon their hands for their legges could not bear them....they did eate the dead carrions, happy where they could finde them; and if they found a plot of watercresses or shamrockes there they flocked as to a feast for the time."—Spenser's *View of the State of Ireland*.—See note 10, pp. 79, 80, infrà. Also Fynes Moryson:—"No spectacle was more frequent in the ditches of towns and especially in wasted countries, than to see multitudes of these poor people with their mouths all coloured green by eating nettles, docks, and all things they could rend up above ground." Book III., c. I.

[3] *Cuil-iseal*, i.e., the low corner, or angle, now Coolishil, in the parish of Carrigparson, barony of Clanwilliam, and County of Limerick. *Ordnance map*, sheet 14.

[4] *Clann Gibbon*, now a half-barony in the north of the County of Cork; the country of the Fitz-gibbons, the chief of whom was called the White Knight. This family descends from Gilbert, or Gibbon, the bastard son by the wife of O'Coinin, of John of Callan Fitzgerald, ancestor of the house of Kildare and Desmond. See Smith's *History of Cork*, book I., c. I., and book II., c. VI., VII., where the fact of Gibbon's illegitimacy is intentionally concealed. The lord of this tract in our Bard's time, was John Oge Fitz-John Fitz-gibbon, commonly called the White Knight. There was a braon aillse, a corrosive drop, or a braon sinsire, i.e., generation drop, falling on the tomb of this family in the abbey of Kilmallock, which wore a hole through the horizontal flag-stone that covered it. It ceased on the death

My walking through green fields,
From Little Easter till Lammas;
There are many yellow-legged hags in rags,
Throughout Orrery,[1] a grazing.[2]

How miserable was my state within,
In a cat's nest at Cuil-iseal;[3]
I got not enough of butter,
For a wafer—should I eat it with butter.

There is no anger but abates,
Except the anger of Christ with the Clann-Gibbon;[4]
Small is the wonder that they should be as they are,
Increasing in evil every day.

O'Donoghue of Gleann-Fleisge![5]
I will give his character as it is;
An increase of evil ever comes from him,
Every day during his life.

of the last heir. A similar one is said to have continued to fall on the tomb of the O'Fogartys, in the abbey of Holy Cross, until the last heir of Castle-Fogarty was hanged at Clonmel, when the property devolved to the family of Lanigan.

Mr. Hardiman quotes this quatrain in a note on Lord Clare, Chancellor of Ireland. See *Irish Minstrelsy*, vol. II., p. 132.

[5] *Gleann-Fleisge*, i.e., the vale of the river Flesk, in the barony of Magunnihy, County of Kerry. The head of this family is still extant, and enjoys considerable property; and there is a junior branch of high respectability, now represented by Lieut. Col. Daniel O'Donoghue, from whose branch of the family the late Daniel O'Connell, Esq., M. P. was descended in the female line, as in the following table:—

1. Geoffrey O'Donoghue of Glenflesk.
2. Teige O'Donoghue.
3. Daniel O'Donoghue.
4. Duff O'Donoghue, died 1727, aged 57, buried at Muckrus.

5. Geoffrey O'Donoghue.	5. Mary, m. Daniel O'Connell of Derrynane.
6. Patrick O'Donoghue,	Daniel, 6, Morgan O'Connell of Carhan.
7. Daniel, Lt. Colonel, living.	
8. Rev. F. T. O'Donoghue of Prover, Knutsford, Cheshire.	Daniel O'Connell, Esq., M.P.

Is mairg do ṁarḃ a ḋearḃráṫair,
Fá oiḋreaċt Ghleanna Fleisge!
A's muna raiḃ ó'n n-dearg-ḃláṫaiġ,
Naċ raiḃ neaċ ann riaṁ ar meisge!

Tiġearna na g-Cruaċ,
Idir ṫuata agus ṡagart;
Fuaċ an nóinín do'n oiḋċe,
Ḃíos do na daoiniḃ aige.

I n-ḋeas-Ṁuṁain tar gaċ áit eile,
Tuillid ó Ḋhia dul ar neaṁ;
Fiu mar ṫroisgid ċionn a g-cionntaḋ,
Dul do ċosaiḃ tiorma a steaċ!

Ní ḃ-faġaid maoṫ-ċlann Ṁuiris,—
(Maiṫim dóiḃ a n-dearna siad),—
~~Rann molta ná aoir uaim-si,~~
Daoine boċta uaisle iad.

Luirgne breaca a g-ceirtiḃ lín,
'S a g-cailleaċa ar nasg mar ċoin ṁaoil;
Gur ḃris an gad le h-éigean gorta,
'S an g-carraig naċ féidir furtaċt faoi.

[1] *Drunk.* To be drunk at this time was deemed honourable. As the O'Donoghues never took any beverage stronger than stale buttermilk, they should not have been so apt to quarrel as those who drank wine to intoxication; and yet one brother killed the other with cold-blooded deliberation!

[2] *The Lord of the Reeks,* i.e., Mac Gillycuddy of the Reeks, near the Lakes of Killarney, a branch of the O'Sullivan Mor family. Mac Gillycuddy is still extant, and highly respectable.

[3] *Clann Maurice,* i.e., the family of Fitz-Maurice, who gave name to the barony of Clanmorris, in the County of Kerry. They descended from the celebrated Raymond Le Gros, one of the chief barons of the English Invasion. The present head of the family is the Marquis of Lansdowne, who is not a poor gentleman like his ancestor in the time of our author.

[4] *Poor gentlemen.* This is not very severe, but it is very clear from the observations of English writers on the same subject that our Bard had received suggestions as to the points he was to touch upon. Sir John Davies, in his *Discovery,* has the following remarks on the poor gentry of Ireland, who had multiplied to such numbers in consequence of the law of Gavelkind, which he condemns.

"Besides these poor gentlemen were so affected unto their small portions of land, as they rather chose to live at home by theft, extortion, and coshering, than to seek any better fortunes abroad, which increased their *septs* or *surnames* into such numbers as there are not to be found in any Kingdome of Europe, so many gentlemen of one

Wo to him who slew his brother!
For the inheritance of Gleann-Fleisge;
And that, unless from stale buttermilk,
No one ever there was drunk!

The Lord of the Reeks,[3]
[*Hates*] both layman and priest;
As the daisy hates the night
He hates mankind.

In Desmond, above all other places,
They deserve from God to go to heaven;
On account of their fasting for their crimes,
They should go dry-footed in.

The simple Clann-Maurice[3] shall not get,
(I forgive them what they have done)
A verse of praise or satire from me;
They are poor gentlemen.

Speckled shins in linen rags,
And their hags yoked like bald dogs;
Until hunger forces them to break their gads,
[*Are*] in Carrick,[5] which cannot be relieved.

blood, family and surname, as there are of the O'Neals in Ulster, of the Rourks in Connacht, of the Geraldines and Butlers in Munster and Leinster. And the like may be said of the inferior bloods and families, whereby it came to pass in times of trouble and dissensions that they made great parties and factions adhering one to another with much constancy; because they were tied together *vinculo sanguinis*; whereas rebels and malefactors which are tied to their leaders by no bond either of duty or blood, do more easily break and fall off one from another. And besides, their cohabitation in one country or territory gave them opportunity suddenly to assemble and conspire, and rise in multitudes against the Crown. And even now in the time of peace, we find this inconvenience, that there can hardly be any indifferent trial had between the King and his subjects, or between party and party by reason of this general kindred and consanguinity." pp. 170, 171, 172.

[5] *Carrick*, i.e., the Rock. This was Cappaig an poill, now Carrigafoyle on the Shannon in the barony of Iraghticonnor, County of Kerry, the chief seat, at this period, of John, son of Connor O'Connor Kerry. There are various respectable families of this race now in Ireland; and in Austria Daniel O'Connell O'Connor Kerry is an officer of distinction who was commandant at Lodi, under Radetski, in 1848. William Conner, Esq., the eldest son of General Arthur Condorcet O'Connor, and founder of the Irish Tenant League, and Fergus O'Connor, M. P., are among the most conspicuous of this family in our time. Major O'Connor of Kerry, is of the race of Murtough Muimhneach O'Connor of Silmurry in the County of Roscommon.

Mo ċuid a d-tiġ an Horaiġ,
D'ḟuadaiġ gaoiṫ tríd ḟuinneogaiḃ;
Eidir im agus arán,
Níor ḃ-ḟéidir a n-eadargail.

D'ḟuilingeas (gíḋ ar ċruaḋ an cás),
Ar ċuid big a d-tiġ Thomais;
D'eagla a ṡúl dam ċreim fa m' ċuid,
Mo ġreim gan brúġaḋ am ḃráġaid.

Clann an ṁic sin Éamoinn,
D'éis a marḃṫa mairid siad;
Do ġeaḃair a rian go Raṫ Caela,
Na h-iarr aċt i n-am aonaiġ iad.

Caennaiḋe, gríoḃa, cruaiḋ, goiṫġealaċ,
Geannaċ, creat-lom, drong doiṫċeallaċ;
A naoiḋġin uile ní maiṫ rúin,
Déan teora a's cuir a n-gabann iad,

[1] *The Hore,* i.e , Hore of Castlegregory in the barony of Corcaguiny, County of Kerry. This family is of Saxon origin and their ancestor was called Hore from his grey hairs,—an inheritance which he transmitted to his descendants. All the Hores described in Cromwell's Roll of the Men of Ireland, are represented as grey-haired, There is another sept of this Saxon family seated at the Powle, now Polehore, near Killurin, in the County of Wexford, of which Herbert F. Hore, Esq., a learned antiquary and highly accomplished gentleman, is the present head.

[2] *The house of Thomas,* i.e., Thomas Fitzgerald, Knight of Glyn, descended from John Mor na Sursainne, bastard son of John of Callan Fitzgerald, who was slain at Callan by Finghin Reanna Roin Mac Carthy in 1261. The mother of this John na Sursainne, had been the wife of O'Coileain (now Collins) of Claenghlais, but John of Callan slew O'Coileain, and kept his wife as a concubine. The Knight of Kerry descends from Maurice Fitzgerald, who was another bastard son of the same John of Callan, by the wife of O'Kennedy. The aboriginal Irish were cruelly treated by those haughty Geraldines of Desmond, on whom a curse seems to have fallen for their crimes. The most disgraceful fact on record in Irish History is found in the old Annals of Inisfallen, in connection with the families of Fitzgerald of Desmond and O'Connor Kerry.—" The most pitiful, the sorest, the most English-like, and the most abominable act that ever was perpetrated in Ireland before, was committed this year (1405) in Desmond, viz., Dermot, son of Connor O'Connor, who was in captivity *and in irons* in the castle of the Earl of Desmond, i.e., of James, son of Gar-

My supper in the house of the Hore,[1]
The wind carried off through the windows;
Both the bread and the butter—
They could not be separated.

I suffered (though hard the case),
On a small supper in the house of Thomas,[2]
From fear that his eyes should injure me[3] for my supper,
My bit, without being chewed, stuck in my throat.

The sons of that son of Edmond,[4]
After being killed they still survive;[5]
You will find their track to Rathkeale:[6]
Do not seek them except in time of fairs.[7]

The Kenry-men,[8] hard hissing griffins,
Hungry, lean-bodied,—a begrudging horde;
All their infants are evil-favoured,
Make an enclosure and place them in a pound.

rett, was *blinded* and *castrated* by Maurice, son of the same James, and one of the O'Connors."

[3] *Injure me.* The Bard got so much afraid of the begrudging eye of Thomas, that the bit stuck in his throat. The begrudging eye was believed to have a certain mesmerising effect on those on whom it was fixed, which caused them to stand spell-bound in helpless torpidity. The evil eye in other conntries is believed to have the same, if not worse effect. In Ovid's description of Envy, however, no effect of this kind is mentioned

> "Pallor in ore sedet, macies in corpore toto,
> Nusquam recta acies, livent rubigine dentes;
> Pectora felle virent, lingua est suffusa veneno."

[4] *The sons of that son of Edmond,* i.e., the sons of Thomas, son of Edmond Fitzgerald, Knight of Glyn. This quatrain is given differently in other copies, but corruptly; and the readings are not worthy of notice here. Edmond the son of this Thomas, was living in 1602.

[5] *Still survive,* i.e., like the cats who possess seven lives!

[6] *Rathkeale,* Ráṫ Caola, or more correctly, Ráṫ-Gaela, a town on the river Daoil or Deel, in the barony of Connello and in the County of Limerick. It was anciently a corporation, and is still a good fair and market town.

[7] *Time of fairs.* They are out plundering at all other times.

[8] *Kenry-men.* These were originally O'Donovans, O'Mulcreevys or Creaghs, and O'Cathlains or O'Callans, but in the time of Aenghus O'Daly, they were Purcells, whose chief residence was the castle of Ballycalhane (baile Uí Chaṫlain), in this barony.

Roiṁ baiste labaraid siad,
Ag órdúġaḋ beaṫa saoṫraiġ;
Ar mo ḋearnain̄ d'á m-beidís cruinn,
Do ḋéanfainn orra losgaḋ na míol.

Dóirse anoir ar ġaoiṫ aniar,
Druidṫe bíd a g-Cloinn Uilliam;
Ní bíonn ciall-ġaoiṫe agá n-dóirsib,
Ní féidir a rís a n-aṫ-ḟosgailt.

An trosgaḋ naċ dearnaḋ riaṁ,
Do rinneas duit-se a Mhic Uilliam;
Do ḋéan aoir duit dom' ḋeoin,
Agus do'n Aoine dom' aiṁdeoin!

A riaṁ ó toċlaḋ tú a ṁúir,
Níor h-osglaḋ tú re neaċ;
Fear an tiġe gíḋ b'é h-é,
Ca'r léigeaḋ é féin asteaċ?

Do aon níḋ eile ní buíḋeaċ me,
A g-contae luimpre Luimne;
Aċt d'á rōdaib do ċois d'ḟíor,
Do bac mé arís d'á b-frōṁaḋ.

[1] *For the labourer.* Their children are so precocious in penury, that they learn to speak before they are baptized, to prevent their labourers getting enough to eat. Rabelais introduces Garagantua as speaking before he was born, but our satirist is less hyperbolical and filthy, and not obscene in any one instance.

[2] *Eastern doors.* On many farmers' houses throughout Ireland there are still two doors in the opposite side-walls, in order that one of them may be kept open when the wind blows in the opposite direction; but our author complains here that it was not the direction of the wind that caused the doors to be closed in the region he is now treating of, but some other reason, which his readers may easily imagine. The doors here are not open on the side facing the roads, but on the opposite side, and even on that side they are closed against the bards and all other strollers, who seek for dinners and presents.

[3] *Clann William,* i.e., the descendants of William de Burgo, seated in the baronies of Clanwilliam in the Counties of Limerick and Tipperary.

Before baptism they speak,
Ordering his [scanty] food for the labourer;[1]
On my palm if I had them collected,
I would burn them as I would the lice.

Eastern doors[2] against western wind,
Are closed in Clann-William;[3]
Their doors have no regard to wind,
They cannot again be re-opened.

The fast which was never made before,
I made for you, O! Mac William;[4]
I will make a satire for you with all my heart,
And for the Friday against my will.

Ever since you were erected, O mansion![5]
You were not opened by any one;
The man of the house, whoever he be,
Where was he himself let in?

Of any thing else I am not thankful,
In the swampy county of Limerick;
Except its roads,[6] so difficult to travel,
Which prevented me from trying them again.

[4] *Mac William.* This was Burke of Castle-Connell (Caislean Ui Chonaing) in the north-east of the County of Limerick.

[5] *O mansion!* a ṁúir! The original name of Castle-Connell was Ṁúr ṁic an Duinn. See *Annals of the Four Masters*, Ed., J. O'D., A.D., 1213, p. 180.

[6] *Except its roads.* This is truly satirical. The Bard felt obliged to the *roads* because they were so bad as to prevent him from ever venturing into the County of Limerick again. A traveller in the second quarter of the nineteenth century, had no complaint to make of the *Corcassy* County of Limerick, except the inhospitable sulky character of the people, its lousy beds, and the number of its cur-dogs, which annoyed him, following after him from the door of every cabin on the road side, and barking in the most unheard-of manner. "It is really astonishing to consider the number of useless, low-blooded, ugly-looking cur-dogs, which the peasantry have in this County. How do they feed them? Has the famine purged the land of these lousy sulky race, and their ferocious cur-dogs? If so, Heaven is gracious"!—*A Satirist.*

Dul go Tuaḋ-Ṁúṁain daṁ ba ḋeacair,
Dinnéar lae ní ċleaċtaiḋ riaṁ;
Aon ċuid 'sa ḟáġail go gann,
Diċ an annlainn do ḋall iad.

Do ċuartuiġeas ó Áṫ go Léim,
Tuaḋ-Ṁuṁain a's Clann Ċoiléin;
A's neaċ 'na ḃeaṫa níor ḃronn daṁ,
Bonn a ceaṫair do'n ċopar!

An uair is líonṁaire Dál g-Cais,
Timċeall tiġearna an Ḟorġais;
Do ḋeanfadaois creaċ an Ċláir,
A m-bí ar leaṫ an Liaġain.

Má's mian leat dul do'n ġorta!
Bí gaċ Cáisg a g-Ceallaiḃ;
Do ruġ Cealla geall ar ġorta,
Ag roṁar na g-ceall ṫall 'sa t-sneaċta!

[1] *Thomond* (Tuaḋ Ṁuṁain), i.e., North Munster. Before the English Invasion Thomond was a very extensive territory; but in the *Bard Ruadh's* time it was considered to be coextensive with the present County of Clare.

[2] *Obsonium*, annlann. The English language has no word to express what annlann means, i.e., any thing taken with bread. How the want of it causes blindness has not been yet explained, but dry bread without salt is not sufficient to sustain life; and prisoners deprived of *obsonium* have remarked that, the sight was the first sense they felt affected.

[3] *From the Ford to the Leap*, O Áṫ go Léim, i.e., from Ath-na-Borumha, now Ballina, on the east side of the Shannon at Killaloe, to Leim Chonchulainn, i.e., Cuchullin's Leap, now corruptly Loop-head, the south-west extremity of the County of Clare. Mr. Brennan, in his Irish poem describing the Shannon, asks, "if the Irish language were lost, what philologist could ever discover that Loop-head was a translation of Ceann-Leime."

[4] *Clann Choilcain*, i.e., the race of Coilean, son of Artghal, eighth in descent from Cas, the ancestor of the Dal-g-Cais of Thomond. This became the tribe-name of the Mac Namaras (fabled by Spenser and others to be descended from the Mortimers of England), whose country was originally co-extensive with the Deanery of Ogashin in the diocese of Killaloe, but in the *Bard Ruadh's* time, Clann-Choilean comprised nearly all the region extending from the river Fergus to the Shannon.

[5] *The Dal-g-Cais*, i.e., the race of Cas, son of Conall Eachluaith, King of Munster, A.D., 366. This great race branched into various families, the most distinguished of whom, were the O'Briens, Mac

To go to Thomond[1] was difficult for me,
A day-dinner they are never wont to take;
One supper and that scantily given,
And the want of *obsonium*[2] left them blind.

I traversed from the Ford to the Leap,[3]
Thomond and Clann-Choileain;[4]
But a living wight did not bestow on me,
The fourth of a groat in copper!

When the Dal-g-Cais[5] are fullest assembled,
Around the Lord of the Forghas;[6]
The plunder of Clare[7] would be effected,
By half the people of the Lagan.[8]

If you wish to perish of starvation!
Be every Easter at Cealla;[9]
Cealla bore away [the palm] for starvation,
In digging the church-yards[10] in the snow!

Namaras, Mac Mahons, O'Deas, O'Gradys, and O'Quins; and of whom there are still families of high rank in Thomond, and elsewhere.

[6] *The Lord of the Forghas*, i.e., O'Brien, Earl of Thomond, Lord of the river Fergus, so called here from his castle at Cluain-ramhfhoda or Clonrood, being situated on the bank of that river.

[7] *Clare*, i.e., the town of Clare, from which the County was called, when Thomond was formed into Shire-ground, in 1585.

[8] *Liagan*. This should be Lagan, of which name there were several small districts in Ireland. There is much truth in what our satirist says here, as will appear to any one after reading the Siege of Ballyally, one small castle near Ennis, which was defended by one Englishman, in 1641, against the combined Irish forces of the O'Briens, who had only one leather cannon, which burst when they attempted to fire at the castle!

[9] *Cealla*, now Kells, near Corofin, in the County of Clare. It was at this time the seat of a minor branch of the O'Briens, whose pedigree is given in an Irish MS. in the Library of T. C. D., H. 1. 7.

[10] *Digging the church-yards* This is a most Goul-like lampooning which merited the flame of Heaven to descend on Aenghus O'Daly. The poet Spenser, who came to Ireland in 1580, as Secretary to the Lord Grey, who received a grant of 3000 acres of land forfeited by the rebellion of the Earl of Desmond, two miles west of Doneraile, where he wrote his "View of the State of Ireland," and finished his "Faërie Queene," gives the following horrid description of the wretched condition to which the people of Munster were reduced by famine in the *Bard Ruadh's* time, in his *View of the State of Ireland*, carried on in the shape of a conversation between Irenæus and Eudoxus (Dublin Edition of 1809, pp. 165, 167).

Iomḋa scraiċ riaḃaċ glas-riġin,
*   *   * a g-Cill Chisin;
Cailleaċ gob-ġéar 'sa cúl claṁ,
A g-caislean duḃ, fuar, folaṁ.

A ḟir an ċanna big ḃain,
Ionar b'anaṁ sinn a ḟaġail diġe,
An cairgios dob' ail leat do ḋéanaṁ,
Annsa ḃ-Forgas go n-geaḃṫar é.

A n-dorus Chaisleain Chuinn,
Da m-beiḋinn-se mile bliaḋuin;
Ni ḃ-faġainn aon d'a osgailt,
'S do ġeaḃainn ocṫar d'a iadaḋ.

Muintir Chlainne Maṫġaṁna,
Is tana riṫiḋ a g-cuid arain;
Saṁail a n-im ar a miasa,
Na h-eiċ sa ḃ-fiġid seangain.

Eudoxus. "But what then shall be the conclusion of this warre? for you have prefixed a short time of its continuance."

Irenæus. "The end will (I assure me) be very short, and much sooner then can be in so great a trouble, as it seemeth hoped for, although there should none of them fall by the sword, nor be slaine by the souldier, yet thus being kept from manurance, and their cattle from running abroad by *this hard restraint* [i.e., which I propose] they would quickly *consume themselves* AND DEVOUR ONE ANOTHER. The proof whereof I saw sufficiently exampled in these late warres of Mounster; for, notwithstanding that the same was *a most rich and plentiful countrey,* full of CORNE AND CATTLE, that you would have thought they should have been able to stand long, yet ere one yeare and a halfe they were brought to such wretchedness as *any stony heart wonld have rued the same.* Out of every corner of the woodes and glynnes they came creeping forth upon their hands, for their legges could not beare them; they looked like anatomies of death, they spake like ghosts crying out of their graves; they did eate the dead carrions, happy where they could finde them, *yea and one another soone after, insomuch as the very carcasses they spared not to scrape out of their graves;* and if they found a plot of water-cresses or shamrocks there they flocked as to a feast for the time, yet not able long to continue therewithall, that in short space there were none almost left, *and a most populous and plentiful countrey* suddainley left voide of man and beaste; yet sure in all that warre there perished not many by the sword, but all by the extremitie of famine which *they themselves had wrought.*" And yet the *Divine* Spenser proposes a renewal of this famine to cut them all off, that he might form a wilderness and enjoy his three thousand acres in peace! It appears fromBen Johnson's letter to Drummond of Hawthornden, that Spenser died *for lack of bread,* in the great city of London.

Many a swarthy, green, tough crone,
* * * at Cill-Chisin;[1]
Many a sharp-beaked hag with a mangy poll,
In a dark, cold, empty castle.

O! man of the small white can,[2]
In which you seldom get a drink;
If you wish to keep the Lent,
At the Forghas[3] you may tarry.

At the door of Caislean [Innsi] Ui Chuinn,[4]
If I were for a thousand years;
I would not find one to open it,
But I would find eight to close it.

The people of the Clann-Mahon![5]
Thinly runs their bread;
Similar is the butter on their dishes,
To the steeds[6] on which the pismires ride.

Our cold-blooded *Bard Ruadh* too did not escape scatheless, for one of the Tipperary O'Meaghers stabbed him through the heart at a feast. Hurrah for Tipperary, the County Palatine of the Earl of Ormonde!

Fynes Moryson, in his account of the expedition of the Lord Deputy Mountjoy into O'More's country, in August 1600, when he slew Owny Mac Rory O'More, and Calvagh Mac Walter, says:—"Our Captains, and by their example our common souldiers, did cut down with their swords all the Rebell's corn, to the value of £10,000, and upwards, the only means by which they were to live. It seemed incredible that by so barbarous inhabitants the ground should be so well manured, the fields so orderly fenced, the towns so frequently inhabited, and the highways and paths so well beaten as the Lord Deputy found them. *The reason whereof was that the Queen's forces during these wars, never till then came amongst them.*" See *Annals of the Four Masters*, Ed. J. O'D., A.D. 1600, p. 2179.

[1] *Cill-Chisin*, i.e., Cisin's Church, now Kilkishen, in the barony of Tulla, County of Clare. It was at this period the seat of Rory, son of Mahon Mac Namara. MS. Trinity College, Dublin, E. 2. 14.

[2] *O man of the small white can*, i.e., a strolling Geocach, who carried a can for begging milk: known to antiquaries as a *Meadar*.

[3] *Forghas*, i.e., the river Fergus, in the County of Clare.

[4] *Caislean Chuinn*. This is probably intended for Caıſleaŋ Iŋŋſe Uí Chuıŋŋ, the Castle of Inchiquin, in the County of Clare, which was at this period the chief seat of the baron of Inchiquin.

[5] *Clann-Mahon*, i.e., the Mac Mahons of Corca-Bhaiscin, in the south-west of the County of Clare. William Coppinger, Esq., of Barry's Court, Cork, is grandson by the mother's side of the last chief of this family who resided at Cleana, in Corca-Bhaiscinn East.

[6] *Steeds*. Ɲa h-eıċ. There is clearly some corruption of the text

Cloċ a b-próca 'san g-Corr-ḃaile,
Dún ba álainn taoḃ ar ṫaoḃ;
Do tógḃaḋ ċum reaċt ar áiṫ,
Fad an dá liag atá eatorra araon.

Teaċ Uí Ḋálaiġ ba mór maoin,
Bronnaḋ gan ḃaois ag broġ bán;
Ba lór d'orgán clos a ċliar,
Re siansa conġair na sgol sean.

Cian O'Cearḃaill 'sa ċéile,
Diar nár ḋearmaid neiṁ-ḟéile;
Diar ḟoirḃṫe, ċoinntiñeaċ, ċas,
Ċoirpṫe, ċroinn-t-sileaċ, ċeann-ġlas.

A measg a ċaorаċ am' riṫ,
Do ṫuit mé am ṗléirg asteaċ;
A dubairt Cian gur ḃ-fearr do spórt,
Mé ṫuitim fa ḋó amaċ!

Dream le'r b'ionṁain an ḃró,
Guṫ na caorаċ 'sna h-aon-ḃó;
Fine fuair gorta a m-broinn,
Cearḃallaiġ na ḃ-fearóg d-tirim.

A Uí Ṁaoilḋeirg! a Ollaiṁ Éireann!
An ġaois áille do b'ḟearr buaḋ;
An g-cuirfiḋ tú liomsa ċum mo ṫiġe,
Searraċ óg, groiḋe, buiḋe, uait.

here. Qy. na builg fa ríṫid na seangain, i.e., the sacks under which the pismires run.

[1] *Corr-bhaile*, i.e., Odd town, now Corbally castle, in the parish of Clooney, barony of Upper Bunratty, and County of Clare. See the *Ordnance map* of the County of Clare, sheet 34. At this period Corbally was the seat of Shane Mac Mahon Mac Namara.

[2] *On a ford*, to prevent people from passing,—to make them stand and deliver!

[3] *The house of O'Daly*, i.e., the house of Finnyvara, near the New Quay, in the barony of Burren, County of Clare. See p. 8. The ruins of O'Daly's house and garden-walls are here to be seen: where tradition says he kept a College for finishing the literati of Ireland in history and poetry. The monument of Donough Mor O'Daly is also still pointed out, not far from the site of the house.

[4] *Cian O'Carroll*. He was one of the O'Carrolls of Ely O'Carroll, in the King's County; but he was not the chief of his name. This family descended from Cian, son of Oilioll Olum, King of Munster, in the third century.

A stone in the crock at Corr-bhaile,[1]
A fort which was beautiful on every side;
It was erected for enforcing law on a ford;[2]
There is but the distance of two stones between them.

The house of O'Dalaigh[3]—great its wealth—
Bestowing without folly at a white house;
It were a sufficiently loud organ to hear his pupils,
Reciting the melodies of the ancient schools.

Cian O'Carroll[4] and his spouse,
Are a pair that never forgot inhospitality;
An aged, contentious, cross-grained pair,
Wicked, drivelling, grey-headed.

Among his sheep as I was running,
I fell with a noise into his house;
Cian said that it would be better sport,
If I should fall twice out [i.e. doubly quick].

A people to whom the quern is dear,
The voice of the [one] sheep and the one cow;
A tribe who felt starvation in the womb,
The Carrolls of the dry beards.

O'Mulderg![6] O, Ollamh of Eirin!
Of fine wisdom,—of best sway!
Will you send with me to my house,
A young, spirited, yellow foal of thine.

[5] *Quern*, bró, i.e., a hand-mill, which was much in use in Ireland in the beginning of the present century. It was also used to a late period in the Highlands of Scotland, though prohibited by the law of Scotland as far back as the reign of Alexander III., in the year 1284, when it was enacted "That na man shall presume to grind quheit, maisloch, or rye, with hand mylnes, except he be compelled by storms, and he in lacke of mylnes quhilk should grind the samen."

We know of no law ever having been passed against it in Ireland. We often ground wheat with it ourselves. We first used to dry the wheat on the bottom of a pot, grind in a hurry, and then eat the meal mixed with new milk. This was considered very wholesome food for hungry children among the *Durnauns*, and the inhabitants of western Ui-Deaghaidh, in Ossory, and is called in the Irish language praipin.

[6] *O'Maílderg*. We do not know who this Ollamh was who is here addressed by our Satirist. There is a poetical family of O'Maoilgiric, mentioned in the Annals of the Four Masters at the year 1088, but we have not ascertained whether or not there was any distinguished poet of the name in Aenghus's time.

Freagraḋ.

A ḃodaiġ! d'ḟágbais an fuiġeall,[1]
Do'n ġort buiḋe, agus é gan ḃuain;
Cuirfiḋ mé leat-sa ċum do ṫiġe,
Gad ar bun do ḋá riġe uaim.

Foirċeann.

Teine mór a d-tiġ Ui Ṁeaċair,
Fir agus feoil iona ḟoċair;
Coire mór na b-fion-g-caor b-fiuċta,
Faoi ionlaoġas bó Ui Ṁeaċair.[2]

Eiriġeas feadmanaċ do ṁuintir Ṁeaċair, agus a dúbairt na h-aoirfad an "Bard Ruad," Ṁeaċair go braṫ, san tí nár adṁail sé é a n-aoinḟeaċt aṁain; agus leis sin do ṫug sáṫad sanntaċ do'n sgín sgoiṫġéir do bí 'na láiṁ deaġ-ṫapa deis, a m-braġaid Aenġuis, go raib ag brúċtad fola a ċuirp ar an láṫair sin: giḋead sul ar sgloġ sé a dúbairt:—

Gaċ ar ṫugas d'ainḃreaṫaib riaṁ,
Ar ṁaiṫib Ṁúṁan, maiṫim iad;
Do ruġ óganaċ Ṁeaċair léiṫ, lom,
An oiread d'ainḃreaṫaib orm!

1 *O Clown!* a ḃodaiġ! Campion writes that the Irish used despitefully to call the English in Ireland "*Boddai Sassonui,*" and "*Boddai Ghalti,*" i.e. English and Saxon churls. *History of Ireland,* Dublin Ed., p. 20. *Bodach,* now, strange to say, is a term of familiar and affectionate salutation in the Counties of Louth, Monaghan, and Meath; as ta failte roṁat a ḃodaiġ, you are welcome *nighboor.* But in Aenghus's time it was a term of reproach. O'Mulderg seems to have been a patriotic poet, as would appear from his reply to Aenghus, for he says that instead of sending him home to his own house on a spirited young horse, as Aenghus requested, he would send him off hand-cuffed with *a gad* or withe!—the meanest kind of manacle. Lord Bacon says that Bryan O'Rourke, after he was found guilty of high treasons requested to be hanged with a *gad,* according to his country's fashion.

2 *O'Meagher's cow.* This is a touch of satire which was felt by the feadmanaċ, as directed against the dignity of his master and name-sake. The Irish chiefs generally employed their relatives as servants of trust. It is curious to remark here that the County of Tipperary finished Aenghus's career. The murderous character of the inhabitants of this part of Ireland (who would now murder a Scully

REPLY.

O Clown![1] you have left leavings,
Of the yellow field, and it unreaped;
I will send you to your house,
With a *gad* on your two wrists from me.

THE CONCLUSION.

A large fire in the house of O'Meagher,
Men and meat beside it;
A large cauldron of fermented wine-grapes,
Under which O'Meagher's cow[2] calves.

A servant of trust of Muintir-Mheachair stood up, and said, that the "Red Bard" should never satirize any Meagher, because he did not at once acknowledge him; and with that he made a fierce thrust of the sharp knife which he held in his dexterous right hand, in the neck of Aenghus, so that he began to throw up his heart's blood on the spot; but before he expired he said:—

All the false *judgments* that I have ever passed,
Upon the chiefs of Munster, I forgive;[3]
The meagre servant of the grey Meagher has,
Passed an equivalent judgment upon me.

as soon as they would a Maud or a Waller), is mentioned in a very old life of St. Patrick, in which the Saint is made to foretell that they would remain disobedient to the laws of God and man, and murderous of their fellow-creatures to the end of time. Spenser, not knowing that St. Patrick had pronounced a curse against the County of Tipperary, and particularly against that portion of it called Ormond, attempted to account for the murderous disposition of the people by blabbing out the following incoherent sentences about Counties Palatine:—

Iren. "And since we are entred into speech of such grants of former princes to sundry persons of this realme of Ireland, I will mention unto you some other of like nature to this and of like inconvenience, by which the former Kings of England passed unto them a great part of their prerogatives, which though then it was well intended, and perhaps well deserved of them which received the same, yet now such a gapp of mischief lyes open thereby, that I could wish it were well stopped. Of this sort are the graunts of Counties Palatines in Ireland, which though at first were granted upon good consideration when they were first conquered, for that

those lands lay then as a very border to the wild Irish, subject to continuall invasion, so as it was needfull to give them great priviledges for the defence of the inhabitants thereof: yet now that it is no more a border, nor frontired with enemies, why should such priviledges bee any longer continued?"

Eudoxus. "I would gladly know what you call a County Palatine, and whence it is so called."

Iren. "It was (I suppose) first named Palatine of a pale, as it were a pale and defence to their inward lands, so as it is called the English Pale, and therefore is a Palsgrave named an Earle Palatine. Others think of the Latine *palare*, that is to forrage or out-run, because those marchers and borderers used commonly so to doe, so as to have a county palatine, is, in effect, to have a priviledge to spoyle the enemies borders adjoining. And surely so it is used at this day, as a priviledge place of spoiles and stealthes; for the County of Tipperary, which is now the only Countie Palatine in Ireland, is, by abuse of some bad ones, made a receptacle to rob the rest of the Counties about it, by meanes of whose priviledges none will follow their stealthes, so as it being situate in the very lap of all the land, is made now a border, which, how inconvenient it is, let every man judge. And though that right noble man that is the lord of the liberty, do paine himselfe all he may, to yeeld equall justice unto all, yet can there not but greate abuses lurke in so inward and absolute a priviledge, the consideration whereof is to be respected carefully for the next succession."—p. 46.

Tipperary remained a County Palatine till the reign of Queen Anne, and how this fact has stamped on the people the character which they now possess let every man judge. But besides this, it must be also borne in mind by the historian and statesman, that Waller and many others of the Regicides of Charless I. were settled in this very County by Cromwell, which added the curse of Cromwell to the curse of St. Patrick, and, to the influence of the cursed privileges of the Earl of Ormonde, to perpetuate the murdering dispositions of the men of Tipperary.

Sir Richard Cox inveighs against the murderers of Charles I. in the following words, which help our conclusion that their settlement in Tipperary added the curse of Cromwell to that of St. Patrick upon that part of Ireland:—

"And now how gladly would I draw a Curtain over that Dismal and Unhappy Thirtieth of *January*, wherein the Royal Father of our Country suffered Martyrdom! Oh! that I could say, they were IRISHMEN that did that abominable act; or that I could justly lay it at the Door of the Papists[what a blood-thirsty villain! Oh! Oh!]. But how much soever they might obliquely or designedly contribute to it, 'tis certain it was actually done by others, who ought to say with the Poet,

"Pudet hæc opprobria nobis
Et dici potuisse, et non potuisse refelli."—Part 2, p. 106.

3 *I forgive.* This is a quatrain of repentance, to prevent the venom of the satire falling on the chiefs.

[A VERSIFIED PARAPHRASE, or imitation, of AENGHUS O'DALY'S SATIRES, by JAMES CLARENCE MANGAN, arranged to agree with the Stanzas as they now stand in the original Irish—with the *rann*s omitted by J. C. M. pointed out in foot notes, by J. O'D.]

CONNACHT.

What I think of the Coarbs of Fenagh,
Much as they boast of their shrines,—
And extensive, rich glebe lands,
Their books and long list of Divines.

These Roddys are niggards and schemers,
They are venders of stories (odd dreamers),—
Who talk of St. Kallin's miraculous powers,
And how he continually showers wealth on their tribe.
They are worse, in good sooth, than I care to describe,
Moreover, if you sit at their table,
You'll soon think the Barmecide's banquet no fable![1]

I called on them once on Shrove Tuesday, at night,
But the devil a pancake, flour, oatmeal, or brancake;
In parlour or kitchen, saluted my sight.
I walked off. I'd have starved ere I'd pray to
One imp of the gang for a single potatoe![2]

By my oath,[3] my friend Charley,[4] you've covered with shame,
And a cloud of dishonour, the name of O'Conor!
You stint your poor children,—you starve your fair dame!
They are all such squalettes as a man shall
See once. For Heaven's love give them something substantial!

[1] *Barmecide's banquet.* See the story of the barber's sixth brother in the *Arabian Nights Entertainment*, Halifax Edition of 1851, "Come on" said the Barmecide, "let us have something to eat; then he called to his servants, and ordered them to bring in some victuals but no servant appeared; yet he pretended that meat was on the table and invited my brother to sit down and partake of the feast!" p. 261.

[2] *Single potatoe.* There is no mention of potatoes in the original. In Shakspeare's time potatoes were a luxury. The poet Mangan, who had a horror of potatoes, is not very happy in his translation here.

[3] *By my oath.* A common adjuration throughout Ireland. J.C.M. The quatrain on the Muintir Eolais or the Mag-Rannells, is here omitted.

[4] *Charley,* i.e., Cathal O'Conor of Ballintober, County of Roscommon. The quatrain relating to Clar Connacht is here omitted.

Take Anamcha's clansmen[1] away from my sight!
They are vagrants and varlets, whose jealous ill-star lets
Them do nothing, say nothing, think nothing right—
And they swear so, I'd count it a sin to,
Abide with them while I had Hell to jump into!

There be Irishmen, doubtless, who fast very hard,
For the love of God's Mother. If in Hy-Many[2] no other;
And worldlier motive move peasant and bard,
To subsist on extremely thin dinners,
They'll have banquets in Heaven as the stingiest of sinners!

The tribe of O'Kelly—the screws whom I hate—
Will give you goats' milk, mixed with meal, on a plate;
This hotch-potch they'll heat with burnt stones, and how droll
some,
Among them will tell you 'tis pleasant and wholesome![3]

The Clan-Rickard I brand as a vagabond crew,
Who are speeding to wreck fast. Ask *them* for a breakfast!
They march to Mass duly on Sundays, 'tis true;
But within their house portal,
To a morsel was ne'er yet admitted a mortal.

From the plains of Kilcorban[4] to Burrin[5] and back,
Not a townland or bally,—from hill-peak to valley,
But knows that their true name is nothing but Stack.[6]
They tell them as much, and they'll kick hard,
Against you, and swear that they are the Clan-Rickard,

[1] *Anamcha's clansmen,* i.e., the O'Maddens, of the County of Galway.

[2] *Hy-Many,* the country of the O'Kellys, in the County of Roscommon and Galway.

[3] *Pleasant and wholesome.* Called pramjin in some parts of Ireland. It is considered very wholesome food for putting up muscle but not flabby *fat.*

[4] *Kilcorban,* in the barony of Leitrim, County of Galway.

[5] *Burrin.* boirinn, i.e., rocky, a barony in the north of the County of Clare, adjoining Clanrickard.

[6] *Stack.* Aenghus calls them *Stickards* or misers. A satirist could more effectually wound them here, for they were believed by the the Irish to be the descendants of Rickard O'Cuairsce, the son of a plebeian Irish follower of their supposed ancestor!! Others, however, contend that the race of Rickard O'Cuairsce were the Viscounts Mayo: *sed cum de hoc nihil certè scio, nihil etiam assertivè determino.*

All the Jennings'[1] feed hogs, and *are* hogs too, I think,
Such deaf and blind mopers! Such ditch-water topers!
That is when they *can* have ditch-water to drink!
They have cumbered the land since the time of
Magh-Guaire's hot battle, which poets do rhyme of.

In the house of the black-headed Gilduff[2] I passed,
A whole day without meeting one bit fit for eating,
Heaven bless them!—they do teach a sinner to fast!
I never yet saw or read of in story
A niggardlier mansion than Gort-in-shy-gory.

Never fear, though, Dame Nora![3] No lady below
The high rank of a princess, believe me, e'er winces
'Neath my poet's knout. Savage sometimes I grow,
But with none but the tip-top,
And them I do lash, as a stripling his whip-top!

The Burkes of Cloghstookin[4] are a niggardly crew,
They are rough Turks in temper,—and turf-sticks in hue;
They make the few guests they admit, rich and poor fast,
On half nothing a day; they make also their door fast!

The O'Flynn,[5] and his clan, have been always obscure,
Both in Albion and Eirin, and if I did sneer, in
My own pleasant way at his doings, I'm sure
He should thank me; for what notoriety
Would he have gained, but for me, in society?

[1] *Jennings*, a very respectable County of Galway family—a branch of the Burkes.

[2] *Gilduff*, i.e., the house of O'Shaughnessy of Gort [Inshy-gory], in the County of Galway.

[3] *Dame Nora*. The Lady Honora Ny-Brien, daughter of the first Earl of Thomond. The bard certainly had not the honour of satirizing any Lady of higher birth.

[4] *Cloghstookin*. A few words of Mangan's are here altered. It might be more literally rendered as follows:—

At Clough-an-stookin, 'mong the Burkes,
Dire starvation ever lurks;
The child, with hunger, ever bawls!
Within their drear and roofless walls!

Mac David Burke's castle and mansion, at Glinske, affords a striking exemplification of this desolation at the present day.

[5] *O'Flynn*. This was not O'Flynn of Ballinlongh, chief of Sil-Maelruain, but O'Flynn, Coarb of St. Dachonna of Assylin, near

I found at his church bread, butter, and dirt,
And the last very plenty,—but hungry as twenty,
I asked for a morsel. 'Twas black as my shirt
What they gave me (my shirt is my jerkin),
The butter was scooped from a grimy horn-firkin.

Kilcorban,[1] black church![2] As the skin or the fin,
Of a fish is thy griddle bread, scaly and thin;
And thy whole stock of milk a gnat's mouth might absorb an
Exceeding good half of. Lord help thee Kilcorban!

The friars of Moyne[3] give you wormwood enough,
But that's rather (I fancy) uneatable stuff;
Still they'll feed you—that is, if you're handy at filling
Your inside with cakes big and thick as a shilling.

I don't understand them; they never may sigh
For the flesh-pots of Egypt, but why should not I?
Let a priest, if he please, fast himself, like a Bramin,
But he's really *too* kind if he kills me with famine.

Boyle, in the County of Roscommon. Dun-Sandle, and Clan Gibbon of Umhall are here omitted.

[1] *Kilcorban*, a well-known church in Clanrickard.

[2] *Church*. The Herenach's house was generally close to the church.

[3] *Moyne*. The great abbey of Moyne, in the barony of Tirawley, County of Mayo. The friars of Clare are here omitted, or rather what Aenghus said of the two great abbeys has been jumbled together by the poet Mangan.

LEINSTER.

Escaping from Connacht I came into Leinster,
Where I met neither Esquire, dame, chieftain, nor spinster,
To give me a bit, till I came to the house of O'Byrne,[1]
Where I got some roast meat, but cannot tell whether
'Twas goat's flesh or leather;
But for drink I plumbed vainly jug, pitcher, and churn,
And a tallish tin tankard, with horn-nose.
What swash they do tipple is more than myself knows!

The Iregaine[2] broad lands, which of old had their share,
Of our conflicts of peril, lie weed-grown and sterile;
Of cheese, bread and butter, their farm-steads are bare;
And, as to a smack of flesh-meat, you
Might offer *them* 10£ ere one 1lb would greet you.

O'Conor[3] brags much of his cattle; their milk
Ne'ertheless, is enough to half poison that ilk;
They are poor, skinny, hunger-starved stots, the same cattle,
When they walk you can hear their dry bones creak and rattle!

The sooty-faced swine-herds of Granard[4] I hate,
They are shabby and seedy in garb, and though greedy,
As cormorants over the pot and the plate,
Yet O Heavens! only think in their utter
Abasement they really eat bread without butter!

[1] *O'Byrne*, i.e., of Newrath, or Glenmalure, in the County of Wicklow.

[2] *Iregaine*, i.e., the barony of Tinahinch in the Queen's County, the country of the O'Dunnes.

[3] *O'Conor*, i.e., Calvagh O'Conor Faly. The translator is wide of Aenghus's meaning here. Take the following:—

> A handful of meal in a trough in his house!
> Lord save them from hunger, twould starve a good mouse!
> The Minstrels the harp-strings, do rattle and flitter,
> With noise like the sow's singing bass to her litter.

[4] *Granard*, in the County of Longford.

The quatrains relating to the Dealbhna, and Feara Ceall, are entirely left out by Mangan.

ULSTER.

I'd travel the island of Banba all over,
From the sea to the centre,—before I would enter;
That niggard Mac Mahon[1]—his damnable door!
He'll give you the ghost of a dinner,
That leaves you, by Jing, rather hungrier and thinner!

Should you visit that hungriest town in the land,
Famed for nothing but *no* bread, which men call Clontobred,[2]
You had best. my gay spark, make your will beforehand;
Far from getting an oaten or wheaten,
Cake in it to eat, you yourself may be eaten.[3]

My curse on Drumsnaghta,[4] that beggarly hole,
Without meat-stall or fish-shop,—priest, vicar, or bishop!
I saw in their temple, and Oh! my sick soul!
A profound Irish feeling of shame stirs
Thy depths at the thought, playing hockey, two gamesters.[5]

All the bread at the Donagh[6] would just give a peep,
At one breakfast or luncheon,—a loaf and a puncheon,
For thunderstruck beer, whose contents ran as deep;
As might serve at a pinch for a crab-bath,
Were what I found in it one day on the Sabbath.

[1] *Mac Mahon*, i.e., chief of Oriel or County of Monaghan.

[2] *Clontobrid*, a Herenach church in the County of Monaghan.

[3] *You yourself may be eaten.* The translator goes too far here, for Aenghus makes no allusion to eating the living. He merely says that the cake was so thin, small, and light, that the fly might carry it off under her wing.

[4] *Drumsnaghta*, now Drumsnat near Monaghan.

[5] *Gamesters.* This is incorrect. Aenghus merely complains that the church of Drumsnat had no Herenach, and that there were only two cairnig or priests (not ceArbAiġ or gamesters), at the church. He expected a regular parish establishment; and every parish of any wealth had an Herenach, and three priests at the least.

[6] Donagh. a church, in the County of Monaghan.

O'Reilly[1] the feeble, the palsied, the old,
The most wretched of wretches the earth can behold; [wet
Dines along with his dumb sons, whose glazed eyes and lank
Chin and cheeks, make his dinner a sort of death's banquet.

To the north of Lough Sheelan,[2] in winter they say,
The people subsist on a half-meal a day;
But when spring comes about, and while summer, too, blesses,
Their fields, they have three meals of—shamrocks and cresses!

Can it be this vile Nebuchadnezzarish prog,
That turns them all blind from the herd to the hog?
Cat and dog, man and wife, all are blind;—there were none I
Encountered who wern't, at least, blind of *one Eye!*

The Badger-faced Baron,[3] who stalks through Cloneen,
Is the ugliest niggard I think I have seen;
He knows not (the hound!) what veal, mutton, and beef are,
But sneaks to and fro with a roost-robbing thief-air.

In the darkest back room of his house you may see,
This sharp-eyed Baron with a pot at his knee;
What is in it? Thick milk! That's the whole of his supper,
No bread, not a bite, neither crust nor yet upper!

The men of Fermanagh, though *certes* no fools,
Are a race that search bread crumbs as ducks search the pools:
Of all shabby acts I know nothing forlorner,
Than their practice of hiding the cake in the corner.

Derrybruska's[4] bald lands the good God had not blessed,
They've been wasted and withered by famine and pest;
My bread there was thin as the rind of a hen egg,
And my fare was a butter ball, small as a wren egg.

[1] *O'Reilly.* This was the last chief of Breifne, who died very old in 1601.

[2] *To the north of Lough Sheelan.* He alludes to the barony of Tullyhunco, at this period the country of the Mac Kernans.

[3] The Maguire of Enniskillen, i.e., the English Maguire.

[4] *Derrybruska,* now Derrybrusk, a parish church near Enniskillen, in the County of Fermanagh.

The Maugaurans are left out by Mangan.

By me the Clan-Daly[1] shall never be snubbed,
I say nothing about them, for were I to flout them,
The world would not save me from getting well drubbed,
While with *them* at my beck (or my back) I
Might drub the world well without fear of one black eye!

[To place thee[2] high aloft above them all,
To Erin's sons it is no shame at all;
For as the brooks are to the swelling sea,
So Erin's chieftains are compared to thee.]

'Tis a hungry house that of O'Dogherty[3] of Inch,
For a meal you can get in it of meal just a pinch;
And when you look round you for drink, there's a churnful,
Of milk, dust, and flies. Oh! his Christmas is mournful!

Do you know the O'Cahans?[4] Be thankful you don't,
For you hardly could bear them; I've sworn not to spare them;
But merciful still as is mostly my wont,
I but point my poetical spear in
Their dull eyes, and dub them the Dastards of Eirin.

I stopped with the dwarfish O'Crilly[5] awhile,
And was treated in true "lock-the-larder-up" style;
May I never eat beef, but I'd now sooner dig my
Own grave-bed, than lodge a night more with the pigmy!

Do you know Meva's Hovel?[6] It stands not in pride,
I admit, on the rocky and bleak mountain side;
If you can swallow chaff, and don't care if you grovel,
In mire all night long, visit Meva's poor hovel!

[1] *Clan-Daly*, i.e., the O'Donnells of Tirconnell.

[2] *Thee*, i.e., Red Hugh O'Donnell, chief of his name, who died in Spain, in 1602. Mangan totally mistook the meaning of this quatrain, and we give it in a different metre from his, i.e., in that of Pope's *Dunciad*.

[3] *O'Dogherty*, i.e., Sir Cahir O'Dogherty, the last chief of Inishowen in the County of Donegal.

[4] *O'Cahans*, i.e., the O'Kanes of the County of Londonderry.

[5] *O'Crilly*. Herenachs of Tamlaght O'Crilly, County of Londonderry.

[6] *Meva's hovel*, i.e., Boveragh church near Dungiven in the same County.

Little fly whom I see on the rafter's base left,
All alone, were you only accustomed to theft;
You might carry off to the Finn, without any flutter,
What I got at Meave's hovel of bread and of butter!

The tribe of O'Hara[1] are men of some height,
But they've never been known to stand stoutly in fight;
They have no other music but the hum of the flies,
And hunger stares forth from their deep-sunken eyes!

[pile
There is one waste, wide, void, bleak, blank, black, cold, old,
On the highway: its length is nearly one-third of a mile;
Whose it is I don't know, but you hear the rats gnawing,
Its timbers inside, while its owner keeps sawing.[2]

Big fellows the Kinclarty[3] are, with fat eyes,
They are growlers and grumblers even over their tumblers;
For snapping and snarling, and quarrelling and lies,
You might travel a long time to see their
Bare equals on earth—or perhaps in Hell either!

Ard-Uladh,[4] vile sink, has been time out of mind,
But a region of famine; on its coasts you will find,
Slaying barnacle snails with a mallet, that savage
Old hang-dog-faced hangabone hangman Mac Savadge!

O'Hanlon,[5] the Tattered, I saw in the glen,
Getting ready a dinner for Orior's[6] thin men;
He was roasting it brown on two bars of a narrow,
Old gridiron there: 'twas the leg of a sparrow!

[1] *O'Hara* of Crebilly, County of Antrim.

[2] *Keeps sawing*, i.e., O Hara himself. The translator is here very wide of the meaning. Aenghus's words are much more satiric. Why did he build his house on the road side to induce travellers to look for hospitality in a house where nothing is to be found but poverty; Why did he not build a hut far in the recesses of the mountains, where travellers would not have access to his door?

[3] *Kinelarty*, i.e., the Mac Cartans of the County of Down.

[4] *Ard-Uladh*, i.e., the Ardes, in the County of Down, where the family of Savage were seated since the English Invasion.

[5] *O'Hanlon* of Mullagh or Tandragee, in the County of Armagh.

[6] *Oriors*, two baronies in the east of the County of Armagh, O'Hanlon's country.

I called at his house next, but found it was shut;
It stands on the Mullagh, a cob-web-walled hut;
Without milk, bread, or cattle, 'tis odd how the braggart,
Can boast as he does of his grain, kine, and haggart.

You'll allow that I have'nt much flattered the Clans,
But there is one that *I will* praise—the doughty Mac Cans;[1]
For if I didn't *who* would? I guess, not a man on
Earth's face—at least no one this side of the Shannon[2]

[I've done now with Ulster;[3] I go next to Munster,
To see how they feast there,—expecting at least there—
Some *welcome* among my old neighbours, *those Blarneys*,
The O'Callaghans, Carties, the Crawlies, and Harneys.]

MUNSTER.

One day, feeling footsore and faintish, I made,
By tardy approaches, my way to the Roches;[4]
It relieved me, at least, to creep into the shade;
I got bread, but my landlady shut her
Old rat-haunted cupboard at once on the butter!

Dunboy[5] of the crab-apple verjuicy wine,
Which every fool praises—in silver-set phrases,—
Is just such a dog-hole as badgers might dine
In for want of a better. No peasant
In Munster would say he thought Hell more unpleasant.

[1] *Mac Cans*, i.e., of Clanbrasil, County of Armagh, where the Upper Bann enters Lough Neagh.

[2] *This side of the Shannon*. Not in the Irish. The Bard Ruadh says that if he praised Mac Can the apple tree and its blossom would give him the lie, which is very severe. The laudatory quatrain on Mac Can is omitted by Mangan.

[3] *I have done now with Ulster*. This is here interpolated to give the reader notice that the Bard has done with Ulster.

[4] *The Roches*, i.e., the Roches of Fermoy in the County of Cork.

[5] *Dunboy*, i.e., O'Sullivan Beare's chief fortress in Bantry Bay.

Three reasons there were why I lately withdrew
In a hurry from Bantry: its want of a pantry
Was one; and the dirt of its people was two;
Good Heavens! how they daub and bespatter
Their duds! I forget the third reason. No matter.

Mac Dermod of Muskerry,[1] *you* have a way,
Which at least I must term odd. You gave me, Mac Dermod,
One hot summer's noon, half a wine glass of whey![2]
Before I could reach Ballincollick[3]
I swallowed six bushels of dust through your frolic!

The Clan-Carthy are vain—but as deep as a churn,
They grasp all you have, and give words in return;
What good deeds you do them are written in water,
But injure them once and they doom you to slaughter.

The Mac Auliffes[4] I loathe, for I never could yet
Take to humbug and humdrums, slow coaches and dumb drums.
They're a lazy, yet saucy, and cock-nosish set;
They sleep upon beds of green heather,
And eat all that falls in their way—lamb or leather.

Last Easter I spent with Mac Donough,[5] a stiff
Kind of person, yet silly—so gloomy and chilly
His whole house appeared that it *did* seem as if
Easter Sunday, that holy and high day,
Had fallen, by some fatal mistake, on Good Friday.

[1] *Mac Dermod of Muskerry*, i.e., Mac Carthy of Muskerry, who had his chief residence at Blarney.

[2] *Whey.* The poet is not very happy here. It should be,—

"You gave me Mac Dermod,
With a good deal of blarney one wine of glass of whey!"

[3] *Ballincollick*, now Ballincollig, at this time the seat of William Barrett.

[4] *Mac Auliffes* of Castle Mac Auliffe, County of Cork. This clan inhabited perhaps the wildest and poorest territory in all Ireland.

[5] *Mac Donough*, i.e., Mac Carthy of Duhallow, at this time a powerful Irish chieftain.

The ragged O'Keeffe of Claragh ![1] he shivers and shakes,
The sad ragamuffin! He hasn't got stuff in
His carcase to battle with agues and aches;
But I spare him, he's drooping, the luckless
Poor devil. The cloakless are always the pluckless.

Poor little Red Robin, the snow hides the ground,
And a worm, or a grub, is scarce to be found;
Still don't visit the O'Keeffe;[2] rather brave the hard weather,
He'd soon bring your breast and your back-bone together!

They are talkers at Cappagh;[3]—no more, if inclined,
You may swallow, as diet, the east or west wind;
For you'll get little else; just imagine or map a
Black briary desert out—that's cursed Cappagh.

The O'Callaghan tribe turn out lots of old crones!
Whom I gazed on with pity! No blind-alleyed city
Can shew such a group. With no flesh on their bones;
They sit all day long in some lawny
Green sun-shiny spot, and grow shrivelled and tawny.

Among those I ate bread, which the great O' himself,[4]
Sent me down by his daughter, I drank mud and water
Too, fetched from a ditch, and which stood on a shelf
In a little brown earthen-ware pitcher,
'Tis the beverage alike here of dame, duck, and ditcher.

[1] *O'Keeffe of Claragh*, near Millstreet, County of Cork. He was a minor branch of the O'Keeffe family.

[2] *The O'Keeffe*, i.e., the O'Keeffe of Dromagh, County of Cork, or chief of the family, at this time a fifth-rate chieftain in Munster.

[3] *Cappagh*, q? the seat of a petty family of the Mac Carthys? it is near Castlemagnor.

[4] *The O' himself*, i.e., Cornelius O'Callaghan of Drumnee, son of Dermod, son of Teige Roe. He had been prior of Ballybeg, but was elected chief of his name in 1578.

All through Orrery's[1] district, a land I was in,
From Easter to August, while sunbeam and raw gust
Pierced into my marrow, and peeled off my skin;
I saw women devouring wild radish
And weeds by the way-side—a sight rather sadish.

But of all places Desmond,[2] in truth takes the lead
In fasting. I Pray God it may win its just meed;
If a pilgrim gain Heaven for his sandal and scallop,
Then Desmond, methinks, should *course* in at a gallop!

[1] *Orrery*, a half barony in the north of the County of Cork, which was desolated by famine at this period. Mangan has here left out the verses relating to Coolishel, as well as those carping at the Clangibbon, O'Donoghue of Glenflesk, and Magillycuddy of the Reeks. Mr. Hardiman has given the following versified translation of the quatrain relating to Clangibbon, in his *Irish Minstrelsy*, vol. ii., p. 132.

"His Lordship [Lord Clare, Chancellor of Ireland] was descended from the old sept of the *Clan-Gibbons*, and was the best friend to the English interest in Ireland that these latter times have produced. Against this clan our Irish bards have been bitterly invective. The following stanza is taken from a satirical poem written by Angus O'Daly, called Aengus na n-aor, or the Bard Ruaḋ, about the year 1600.

[Here he gives the Irish as in our original text]

"The sternest pulse that heaves the heart to hate,
Will sink o'erlaboured, or with time abate;
But on the Clann-Fitz-Gibbon, Christ looks down
For ever with unmitigated frown!
Did mercy shine! their hearts' envenomed slime,
Even in her beam, would quicken to new crime."

The following well-known epigram is added, to enable the classical reader to judge between it and the foregoing production of the Irish bard.

"Vipera Cappadocem nocitura momordit, at illa,
Gustato periit sanguine Cappadocis!"

"A viper bit a Cappadocian—fain
Her curdling poison through him to distil,
But the foiled reptile died—her victim's vein
Had poison subtiler than her own to kill."

[2] *Desmond*, i.e., South-Munster. The country of Mac Carthy Mor was generally so called after the suppression of the Earls of Desmond. The quatrains relating to Clanmorris, Carrigafoyle, Hore's house, and Thomas, knight of Glynn, are here omitted by Mangan.

The Mac Edmonds[1] are still to the fore, as I know,
Though some people fancy them dead long ago;
There is a precious large lot of them near Shanagolden,[2]
To whose dinners and drink I was little beholden.

In Clanwilliam[3] they nail up the doors to keep out
The snows and the storm-winds—
I'd rather have warm winds
Than cold in my bed-chamber nightly, no doubt;
But for this watch-box nailing I never
Could try such a plan, though they count it right clever.

Bread, fish, flesh, or fowl, you are safe to see none,
In the districts of Thomond,[4]
But lots of our *beau monde*,
Who deluge your inside with wine from the tun,
Ale, usquebaugh, cider, and sherry;
In fine all potations that make the heart merry.

From the Ford to the Leap,[5] on a fine summer day, [lands
I saw green lands and brown lands, Clan-Colen's[6] broad town-
In Thomond looked well; but along my whole way
Never met with one poor copper penny,
I might just as well travel for smoke to Kilkenny.

[1] *Mac Edmonds.* This should be "The sons of Mac Edmond," by which the Bard Ruadh intended to designate the sons of Thomas, son of Edmond Fitzgerald, knight of Glynn, in the County of Limerick. The portion relating to Kerry is also left out by Mangan.

[2] Mangan was certainly dreaming of his relatives here. His father was from Seanġualainn or Shanagolden, in the County of Limerick; and according to the son's report, he was both an indolent and indiscreet parent. See a sketch of Mangan's life, written by himself, but unpublished, in the hands of the Rev. C. P. Meehan, of SS. Michael and John's, Dublin.

[3] *Clanwilliam* in the County of Limerick. Four quatrains are here omitted by Mangan.

[4] *Thomond,* i.e., North-Munster, the country of the O'Briens.

[5] *The Ford to the Leap,* i.e., from Killaloe to Loop-head, at this time considered the limits of Thomond at the east and west side.

[6] *Clan-Colens,* i.e., Mac Namara's country, lying between the Fergus and the Shannon, by far the best portion of the County of Clare.

O, Burrin! O, Burrin! what sights hast thou seen!
'Tis known the Dalcassians[1] got into fierce passions,
At seasons,—and then there were "wigs on the green!"
And Clare suffered much,—yet men brag an
Immense deal to-day on the banks of the Lagan.

I've a horror of Thomond, because after noon,
In its houses you never meet noggin or spoon;
Twelve o'clock daily there bounds the stomach's horizon,
And food after that you can no where clap eyes on!

In the house of O'Brien (that's Donough)[2] I spent
A Christmas that lasted till long after Lent;
We had bread, butter, bacon, and beef in abundance,
And oft round the board made the bottle, our sun, dance.

In Cealla,[3] that region of hunger and storms,
The sick die of want by the road sides in swarms;
If you fancy a grave where broad meadows lie fallow
And blighted, you'll find one in dark dreary *Cealla*.

The pinch-bowel Clan of Mac Mahon,[4] the Red,
Give you just on your dish the bare shadow of bread;
An ant put in harness, I think, would be able
To drag their best cake and their biggest from table.

The O'Carrolls of Ely,[5] love the quern's hoarse sound,
They've got only one cow and one sheep as I found;
After starving some while in the house of these skin-flints,
My hands became hard, black, and meagre, like thin flints.

[1] *Dalcassians*, i.e., the O'Briens and their cor-relatives. The poet here is wide of Aenghus's meaning.

[2] *Donough*. This is not in the Irish original.

[3] *Cealla*, a townland near Corofin, in the County of Clare, also desolated by the famine in 1847. Mangan has here left out the verses relating to Kilkishin, the Fergus, and Caislean Chuinn.

[4] *Mac Mahon*, i.e., Mac Mahon of Corca-bhaiscin, in the south-west of the County of Clare. Mangan has here left out the quatrain relating to Corbally, the seat of one of the Mac Namaras of Clan-Choilen; as well as that relating to O'Daly's house, and its reciters of song!

[5] *The O'Carrolls* of Ely, were considered as belonging to Munster at this period.

Cross Kian O'Carroll dwells there, with his rib,
In a hovel the size of a basket or crib;
A withered and weazened old couple—forgetful
Of God and the Devil, sick, snappish and fretful.

Knocked down by a *pig* I fell into their den,
Such an upset I hadn't got, *Munster knows when*;
I looked round quite bewildered, and heard Kian squall out,
"Fall out again,[1] friend, or perhaps you and I may fall out!"

Last O'Meagher,[2] for yourself—last, though *certes* not least,
You're a prince, and are partial to mirth and the Feast;
Huge cauldrons, vast fires, with fat sheep, calves, and cows and
Harp-music, distinguish your house mid a thousand.

[Here the poet was stabbed by O'Meagher's servant, but before he expired he is said to have addressed these lines to his murderer:—]

Many are the bitter satires that I acknowledge (alas!) to have written
On the nobles and clans of Munster, but none ever requited me with a blow,
'Till O'Meagher gave me my death-wound:—I perish down-smitten
By a chieftain whom I eulogized—this is my lamentation and my woe!

[1] *Fall out again.* This is in the true style of the satirist and the best stanza in the whole of this translation.

[2] *O'Meagher* resided at Drom-saileach in the barony of Ikerrin, not far from Roscrea.

ADDITIONAL NOTES AND CORRECTIONS.

Page 13, line 16 from bottom, read "James Daly, the Cork Distiller, was a native of Carrigtoohill, and died in January, 1850, without issue."

——— line 3 from bottom, for "Laherdoty" read "Laherndota."

——— note 1, read "Mr. Peter Lavalli, Peruquier of the Four Courts, Dublin," as it appears that he has not removed to Paris.

—— 14, line 5 from bottom, cancel "J. P." from Richard O'Donovan, Esq.

——— line 4 from bottom, for "Skibbereen" read "Ahakista."

—— 15, line 7 at top, for "Derry-clovane" read "Gleann-oulin."

——— line 30, for "but of this we have no portion remaining" read "but this was very short, and, rather an imprecation than a satire." A copy of it is preserved in a MS. in the Library of Trinity College, Dublin, H. 3, 17, p. 840, which runs as follows:—

> "Cen colt ar crib cernene,
> Cen gert ferbu fonassad arthrinde;
> Cen adba fir a raind rubai,
> Diroince cin dil daime reisse ropsen Bresse."

This satire, which was composed by Cairbre Mac Eathna, surnamed Crithinbheal, is the oldest specimen of the Irish language we have seen; and we have here given it for the purpose of obtaining a translation from some of our Irish literati, for our next edition. It has been glossed by various writers; and O'Clery in his Glossary, under the word Cernine, gives the following explanation of the first line:—

"Cernine .i. miasa beaga, nó clair beaga, amhail a dúbhairt an file Cairbre Mac Eaṫna.

"Gan colt for crib cernine, .i. gan biadh go luaṫ ar ṁéisibh, no ar ċlairibh."

—— 56, note 1.—It is but fair to remark, that Moryson writes as an enemy to the old Irish race; and besides, that he had not seen, *with his own eyes*, the Northern Irish Chieftain O'Cane, and his daughters, sitting naked. It is moreover, not unfair to question the authenticity of the assertion of an unknown Bohemian Baron; and it is but right for the Irish to argue, that it is not likely that the proprietor of a large territory (such as O'Cane was), who could converse in the Latin language with a Bohemian Baron, would have been so lightly, or so barbarously clad as Moryson describes him.

Let the curious reader contrast it with the description given of the dress of a neighbouring chief O'Donnell, about half a century earlier, by Sentleger in a letter to the King, recommending that

parliamentary robes should be bestowed upon him. He describes O'Donnell's dress thus:—"A coat of crimson velvet with aiglets of gold, twenty or thirty pair; over that a great double cloak of crimson satin, bordered with black velvet, and in his bonnet a feather set full of aiglets of gold."

It may not be out of place here to remark also, that Moryson himself, incidentally, affords us a clue to the skill of the native Irish in agriculture, in the following passage, where he laments the necessity of destroying the corn of the O'Mores in Leix, in the year 1600:—

"But the best service at that time done was the killing of Owney Mac Rory [O'More], a bloody and bold young man, who lately had taken the Earl of Ormond prisoner, and had made great stirs in Munster. He was the chief of the O'More's sept in Leix, and by his death (17th of August, 1600) they were so discouraged, that they never after held up their heads. Also a bold bloody Rebel Callogh Mac Walter [O'More], was at the same time killed; besides, that his Lordship's staying in Leix till the 23rd of August, did many other ways weaken them—for during that time, he fought almost every day with them, and as often did beat them.

"Our Captains, and by their example (for it was otherwise painful), the common soldiers did cut down with their swords all the rebels' corn, to the value of £10,000, and upwards, the only means by which they were to live, and to keep their Bonnaghts (or hired Soldiers). It seemed incredible that by *so barbarous inhabitants* the ground should be so manured, the fields so orderly fenced, the towns so frequently inhabited, and the highways and paths so well beaten, as the Lord Deputy here found them. The reason whereof was, that the Queen's forces, during these wars, never till then came amongst them."

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